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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2227

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899

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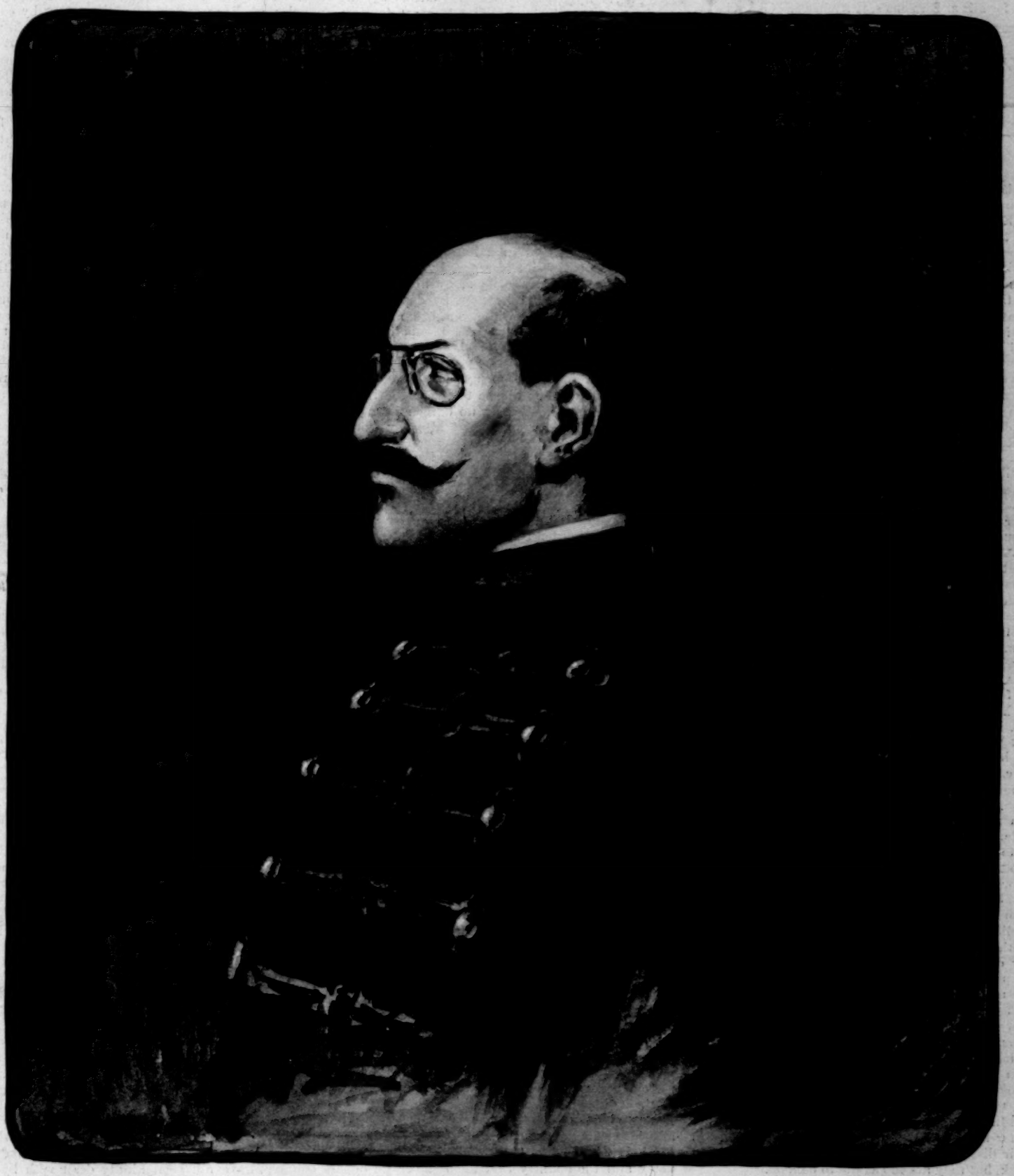

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

FROM A SKETCH MADE ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE COURT-ROOM AT RENNES BY DR. BENOIT CIMINO.—[SEE PAGE 837.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 26, 1899

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What Croker is and Means

FOR the moment RICHARD CROKER is the boss of New York and one of the leaders of the Democratic party. The MAZET committee has demonstrated that the citizens and wealth of the metropolis are at his mercy, and his national leadership is proved by the angry flight from Saratoga of the Southern and Eastern Democrats which followed his declaration that BRYAN "is one of the greatest men America has produced." This is CROKER'S time. He is turning his municipal opportunities into gold, and he is availing himself of his power over the State and the Tammany organizations to make a clutch at national leadership. He is the city boss whose will is indisputable; who gives and refuses municipal offices, which, under his rule, are so many opportunities to rob; into whose pockets, which he is simply obliged to hold open, flows the Pactolian stream that washes down the golden treasure from every bordering vice and trade in the city. He comes home from Europe to find that Democratic leaders have met at Saratoga to name a candidate against BRYAN in the national convention. They have chosen CROKER'S own man, Judge VAN WYCK—the man whom he pulled off the bench to lead Tammany's fight against Governor ROOSEVELT. But they have acted without consulting him, the master. Moreover, Judge WILLETT, the author of the VAN WYCK boom, is reported to have declined to consult with CROKER on national affairs, and others of the Democratic politicians who have assembled at Saratoga to nurse the opposition to BRYAN and free silver are said to be equally contemptuous of the boss. In the midst of their consultations, CROKER sails into New York Harbor and announces that he is for BRYAN, silver, and anti-imperialism. He throws his former hostility to the Nebraska candidate, and his expressed preferences for gold and expansion, into the dock. He has shown his creature VAN WYCK and his Southern and Eastern friends that he is not to be dethroned nor ignored; that no one can be permitted to stand dangerously near the throne; and that whom he has made he can unmake. And so he speaks for BRYAN, destroys his own man, and GORMAN, HARRITY, and the other leaders drop the boom which they are shaping and fly to a back parlor in the Hoffman House. Thus CROKER has constituted himself one of the leaders of Bryanism—another name for Democracy.

It is a happy circumstance that CROKER is boss of the city; and it is quite as fortunate for the Republican party and for the country that he has put on the uniform of a BRYAN general. If there is any effective virtue in New York, if it is within the power of the good citizens of the metropolis to put an end to criminal rule, CROKER is the best boss they can have, because he illustrates and proves, in his own person and by his own confessions, that his rule is an odious despotism, from which every honest citizen may suffer. No other man of our times is so cynically or ignorantly frank as this boss. He is not only the boss and the tyrant, but he believes that his kind of rule and his kind of politics are right and sound. Other men of his kidney are as brutal as he in their disregard of the rights of the people of New York, but they are too astute to confess.

By CROKER'S own confession we know what a boss means in New York city. We know that the town belongs to him and his organization; that its offices are sold to the highest bidders; that even justice is administered by men who contribute to the corruption funds of the organization; that all the business interests of the community are at its mercy; that few vessels tie up to the wharves without paying fines in excess of the legal dues of the city; that no man sells to the city without bribing the organization; that they who thrive on trade with the municipal government are those who share their profits with the men who have contracts to give; that these men, and the boss himself, are not necessarily officials. CROKER, in the view of the law, is a private citizen, charged by the people with no public trust—unpunishable, therefore, for any breach of the public trust, although the guilty ones may be his own henchmen and creatures. In fact, he is the king of the metropolis. No one can be a public officer against his will. He not only fills the places in the City Hall, on the bench, and in the Assembly Chamber, but he controls or influences the official acts of his beneficiaries. He buys the loyalty of some of these with the salaries of their offices; with others he divides some of the spoils. As to the spoils themselves, he is not obliged to devise means for increasing them or their sources. The astute men of business who have learned that they must share their profits with the boss or cease to deal with the municipality, or even in the city if any department of the municipality has power over them, do his thinking for him. As we said at the opening of this article, he has simply to keep his pockets open.

THE rule which CROKER confesses means that if it continues, the people of New York will eventually become the slaves of the boss. As Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN once pointed out, it means that no man's person or property is safe against the whim or will of the boss. He may drive him from the city by police persecutions. He may ruin his business in a hundred ways — by tyrannies, by police interference, by establishing nuisances in his neighborhood, by his power of taking property for public uses, by depredations of the criminals over whom he has authority through their partnership with his police. If his supposed necessities demand, he can resort to the worst of crimes for the purpose of ridding himself of a troublesome enemy. A crime of violence committed in obedience to the authority of the boss can be attended by no danger from the law, for what Tammany district attorney would dream of prosecuting the boss's thugs? It is to such a government that New York is drifting under CROKER'S rule. The only obstacle to the evolution of the boss into a licensed robber and murderer, like the Mahdi or any other irresponsible savage chief, is his own amiability. And how many generations of careful nursing would be required to cause the descendants of such bosses as CROKER to revert to those savage types that bloodied the pages of Europe's mediæval history?

It is because CROKER, in his stupidity, in the callousness and numbness of his moral nature, in his native and trained indifference to the opinions of decent men, has confessed to the kind of government which New York has under him, to his own conception of the rights which he and his organization possess over the plunder of Tammany victories at the polls, and over private citizens and their business, that we can see clearly what boss government is and whither it inevitably tends. We are going towards barbaric Africa and Asia by way of the Venetian oligarchy. From any other boss we would not realize this so clearly as we do. CROKER is providential. He is no worse than others of his kind, but he is less cunning, not so well acquainted with what honest men like and dislike, and he is more talkative. A more astute boss would make us prove how villanous boss rule can be. CROKER naïvely reveals the possibilities of rottenness and danger. If New York is capable of overthrowing boss rule, CROKER is the easiest boss it can encounter.

As New York is fortunate in CROKER'S boss-ship, the national Republican party may congratulate itself on his assumption of leadership over the BRYAN—that is, the prevailing—wing of the national Democratic party. From a party point of view, BRYAN is a weak enemy, over whom victory is almost certain, but with the CROKER alliance a Republican victory seems to be inevitable. If the only rallying-point for the cause of silver, for socialism, and even for opposition to the policy of the administration in the Philippines, is to be behind the banners of BRYAN and CROKER, there will hardly be need of a serious campaign. It is a pity if this is to be so, for it is for the best interests of the Republican party and the country that the Democratic opposition should be more intelligent and virtuous than it can possibly be under such leadership; but for mere purposes of victory at the polls in a national election, no opposition can be so fortunate for the Republican party as that which counts among its leaders RICHARD CROKER, with all his babblings and confessions on his foolish and obstinate head. The municipality of New York may not be virtuous enough to avoid the doom which CROKER has pointed out to it, but it is a different matter with the country at large. The nation will have none of him or his next of kin.

THE individual victim and his sufferings sink out of sight in the DREYFUS case. The famous affair now concerns the honor of France and the continuance of the republic. It is now known, through the testimony published by *Figaro*, by which the Court of Cassation was moved to order a new trial, and also through the poor pretence of testimony now offered at Rennes by the enemies of the Jew officer and the civil government, that DREYFUS is innocent, and that the movement to sustain his unjust conviction is for the protection of the conspirators against the republic. The question is now addressed to France herself. The General Staff of her army, which is controlled by the monarchists and the Jesuits, prepared to believe anything of DREYFUS by carefully nourished hatred of him, convicted an innocent man. They may have blundered. But in maintaining their injustice they committed crimes. HENRY and ESTERHAZY committed forgeries to protect themselves and maintain the sentence of DREYFUS. Perjury also was resorted to. HENRY confessed his crime and committed suicide. ESTERHAZY has also confessed his crime, and has been driven out of the army and into exile. The civil government was at first convinced of the guilt of DREYFUS, and added to imprisonment torture of the most terrible kind — torture of body with festering irons, and torture of soul by lies about his wife's fidelity. Now the civil government has discovered its mistake, and is ready to do justice; but the chiefs of the army are in rebellion, and are determined that the conviction shall stand. Therefore they deny facts that are proved. MERCIER was foolish enough still to insist that ESTERHAZY did not write the bordereau, notwithstanding his confession that he did. At last LABORI, DREYFUS'S counsel, is shot, at a most convenient time for the army. The question is, shall the law prevail, or shall the army rule, superior to the law and able to commit any act of injustice which it may deem essential to the maintenance of its absolute power? If the army wins, the republic must go, and there may be civil war. Justice and law and the republic itself are in danger. Will the French be crushed by the military power which they have themselves created? We believe not.

THERE is not enough said by the press in honor of the patriotism displayed by American artists. We are moved, of course, by the action of the sculptors in giving their artistic work gratuitously to the city that it may be as beautiful for the DEWEY reception as their art may now make it despite all the adverse conditions of old ugliness and hastening time. This is not the first time that American artists have made liberal sacrifices in the cause of beauty, and for teaching their fellow-countrymen that taste, like other spiritual or intellectual gifts, is something to be cultivated. The artists before this have decorated the city on festal occasions. They have provided for the decoration, also, of the new municipal building. They responded most generously to the request of General CASEY, and gave time and work to the decoration of the Congressional Library, hardly any one of them receiving for his work more than a fifth part of what a private citizen would gladly pay for work of the same magnitude and the same artistic value. Some of the artists, indeed, who contributed to the beautifying of this building, actually paid out money on their work in excess of the sums which they received from the government. Their labor has been one of love, and is of a kind that must raise the artistic standard of the country. They possibly think that at some future time they will find sympathy for their arts among our men of politics, and that then an era will dawn for us when the noble artistic opportunities afforded by great public buildings will be eagerly taken advantage of by those who construct them, as similar opportunities are in France and Germany and Austria and Italy, and sometimes in England. It is to be hoped that the dream of the American artists will be realized. Candor compels us all to confess that these good citizens of ours, who are teaching us a lesson of patriotism, and whose achievements here and abroad have honored the country, have not been kindly dealt with by the government, and that the devotion which they have displayed to their ideals has not been fostered by the republic, which drives them abroad for encouragement, then taxes them for going, and which more than once has preferred the untutored freak born in foreign parts to the trained native artist.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

ADMIRAL DEWEY is coming to New York and to Washington and to Vermont. It is not apparent that he has bound himself as yet to be received in other places, though Chicago is to have a Dewey jubilee, and he is earnestly clamored for by Boston, Philadelphia, and a multitude of other places. The Admiral seems more desirous that Dewey should survive his home-coming than that his fellow-countrymen should have a high time over him. In the few cases where he has definitely bound himself to be received he has made no stipulations as to food, drink, fireworks, a horse to ride, salutes, acclamations, or precedence. The burden of his response is, "Make the exercises as simple as possible." It is possible that the Admiral has still about him some rudiments of energy which might prove serviceable if a sudden duty should call, but unquestionably when he contemplates the strain of successive receptions by his huzzaing countrymen he feels far from strong.

THERE will not be anything like enough of him to go around, and any big town which has heroes of its own to welcome is in great luck. That is the case of Pittsburg, which is about to spend fifty thousand dollars in welcoming the Tenth Pennsylvania. A recent intimation made in the WEEKLY that the Tenth was to be received in Philadelphia has incensed Pittsburg, and is withdrawn with penitence. The Tenth comes from western Pennsylvania, a locality running over with enthusiasm and with money. The regiment is to be mustered out in San Francisco. Its friends at home, through their committee, will bring it across the continent free of cost for car-fares and subsistence, and receive it with brass bands, triumphal arches, and everything that belongs to a reception. It is also proposed to give every man of the Tenth an accident-insurance policy for $1000, good for one year, so that if the journey or the reception is too much for him he will have some solace. It seems not to have occurred to any one to take out insurance on Admiral Dewey.

THE public is hereby respectfully congratulated on the prospect of getting HARPER'S MAGAZINE for twenty-five cents. It has been customary for the last thirty-five years to pay thirty-five cents for this publication. The reduction in price is by no means actuated by the opinion that the Magazine is, or will be, worth any less than formerly. On the contrary, it was never so good or so valuable as it is going to be, and the conviction of the publishers that vastly more readers ought to read it and will want to read it than ever read it before has led them to make this timely concession to the convenience of purchasers. It is announced that the Magazine will not be changed, except that it will be better than ever, and that its price will be lower. Mr. Alden will still edit it, as he has done for thirty years past.

MISS LILLIAN CLAYTON JEWETT, described as a young woman of twenty-four years, with blue eyes and brown hair, recently a schoolgirl in a Virginia institute, has come to public notice in Boston as an agitator against lynching in the South. She conceived the idea of bringing to Boston the family of Postmaster Baker, the negro who was murdered at Lake City, South Carolina. This plan she has carried out, and at last accounts was exhibiting the widow Baker and her children at public meetings, to which a small admission-fee was charged. Her efforts have by no means met with unqualified approval in Boston, and the expediency of bringing the Bakers there is questioned by the judicious with considerable unanimity. Boston, as it is, is very much alive to the evils of lynching in the South. What is needed is not so much to stir her up further as to strengthen and encourage in the South the conviction, already strong among the best people and best newspapers there, that lynching is ruinous to the States in which it prevails, and must be stopped as matter of public policy. Dr. Broughton of Atlanta, a Baptist minister, said, the other day, in a sermon preached in Brooklyn:

> The best people in our community are not in sympathy with lynching. They believe in upholding the law. The best among the blacks are trying to prevent it. It is only the low-down, immoral element that keeps the thing alive. The trouble is that we allow such things to go on without trying to arrest the men who do it. What is needed is real men in official positions, from Governor down.

Lynching in the South must be stopped by Southern men. It is to their interest to stop it. It is their duty to stop it. No one else can do it. How much agitation in Boston, or generally in the North, will help them to do it is a question. It costs something for Southern men to fight lynching. It is troublesome, and doubtless dangerous. The Vicksburg papers have denounced the abominable lynching of Italians at Tallulah. It won't make them any more popular in the Tallulah district, but that has not influenced them. Governor Candler of Georgia seems to be in earnest in his efforts to put down mob law and make the courts do their work in his State. With the aid of militia companies he has foiled one or two gangs of lynchers, and he has appealed to the people of Georgia to stand by him and uphold the courts.

It would seem likely to have a wholesome effect if some one should sometime be punished for lynching. It would help to make the impatient realize that to hang or shoot a man on suspicion and without trial is a crime. There has been an extraordinary story in the newspapers about a most brutal lynching that occurred at Alexandria, Virginia, on August 8, where the victim appears to have committed no crime, and where the lynchers were a mob largely recruited from the slums and saloons of Washington and its neighborhood. The details of this outrage, as given at length by a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, are such as to leave the impression that the taking of human life by a mob is coming to be regarded by certain classes in this country as a legitimate diversion. If such things can happen in the shadow of the Capitol and no one get hurt except the man murdered, Miss Jewett or any one else can claim fair excuse for being agitated.

WE have all been following the Dreyfus trial from day to day, and some of us have doubtless been telling ourselves what a bad pass the administration of justice had come to in France, when a man could be condemned of so serious an offence on such evidence as was used against Dreyfus. We have probably congratulated ourselves that Anglo-Saxon methods are better. For our minds' health we ought to remind ourselves to what an extent our system of trying accused persons and punishing criminals has broken down in this country. Trial by jury is a grand thing when it works, but when the difficulty of making it work is so great that too many criminals who are tried escape justice, and mobs usurp the functions of courts, it is no longer a thing to brag of.

THE *Sun*, which since August 5 has been undergoing a printers' strike, has managed to appear regularly, and seems to thrive fairly well on affliction. In one particular its sufferings have been blessed to it, for the gentlemen who have succeeded to the labors of its late compositors are much more liberal with "leads" than their predecessors, so that the print of the news columns of the paper has become much easier to read than formerly. The relief to the eyes of the aged is very great. What may be the merits of the contention between the *Sun* and its late employees it is not for a layman unversed in labor controversies to determine. In almost all strikes the controlling sentiment of the spectator is impatience to have the trouble over, and a wish that folks would settle their difficulties without putting themselves to so much expense and their friends to so great uneasiness. Strikes being usually a source of inconvenience to the public, and sometimes a source of great annoyance and loss to thousands who have nothing to gain by them, they are decidedly unpopular. The average citizen wants to let every strike severely alone, unless, indeed, he thinks that by mediation or by taking sides he can help to settle it. Opposed to this reasonable desire to keep out of all strikes is the natural endeavor of the strikers to rope him into their quarrel if possible. The more people it is possible to implicate in any strike, the better of course for the strike. The greater the public loss and inconvenience, the more hopeful the movement. The *Sun's* strike will doubtless be settled in the *Sun* building, and the chief sufferers from it will be those immediately concerned.

NOT so the street-railroad strike in Cleveland. That seems to have upset the whole town, though the WEEKLY is informed that the boycott which followed the strike has only been effectual in the north and east sides of the city, where the strikers and their friends and families live, and that even there the opposition to it has been active. As a public disaster, this strike is a considerable success. As a means of bettering the condition of working-men, it does not yet seem to have justified itself.

Cleveland in these days is drinking pretty deep of the bitter waters of affliction. Scandalized by the iniquities of the Standard Oil Company, it has succeeded in expelling it from its borders, and the place where it once was is, or soon will be, for rent. The action that has so resulted may have been virtuous, but it is not wholly satisfactory, and there are those who hold that the Scriptural policy of letting the tares grow up with the wheat until harvest-time would have better suited the case.

THE considerable degree of success that has attended the strike of the newsboys in New York, arising out of their dissatisfaction with some details of the management of the *Evening World* and the *Evening Journal*, lends special interest to the movement which has been started to inquire into the condition and prospects of these lads, and give them such supervision as seems for their interest. Mr. T. Campbell-Copeland and other gentlemen, who know and care about newsboys, held a meeting in New York, late in July, and discussed their needs and what methods seemed most promising for their betterment. It seems that while in many cities the newsboys are regulated by municipal ordinances, in New York they have enjoyed a singular immunity from legislation, and carry on their business very much as they choose. Any child, apparently, of any age, can sell papers as many hours a day as seems good to him. It is proposed to define by law the earliest age at which a newsboy can begin to vend papers, and to limit the hours during which he may ply his trade. There is talk, too, of putting all the newsboys into uniform, of organizing them into definite squads for the promotion of discipline and control, and of making them subject to the supervision of the Gerry agents. These projects will hardly find favor with the boys, who are impatient of trammels and highly appreciative of the blessings of liberty. Nevertheless, wise heads may take thought for them to good purpose, and there are enough of them, and they are bright enough to repay any attention that may be for their good.

THE Harriman expedition has got back. It left New York May 23, on a special train, reached Seattle May 31, and took its chartered steamer for the north; returned to Seattle July 31, and was back in New York on August 9. It was an enterprise unusual enough to be well worth a record. Mr. Edward H. Harriman, of New York, wanted to see Alaska, and invited a few friends to go there with him and his family. Reflecting apparently that there might be more to observe than his small party could compass, he gradually extended his hospitality, until when he started he had added to his original party thirty-six distinguished scientists, gathered from the universities, the government service, and other sources. The company included botanists, geologists, anatomists, ornithologists, biologists, geographers, landscape-gardeners, taxidermists, scouts, writers, and poets. They travelled 16,000 miles in 78 days, without mischance. They went by the inside route from Seattle to Victoria, Wrangle, Juneau, and Skagway; thence by rail, over the White Pass, to the headwaters of the Yukon; then to Sitka, and from there along the coast and around the Alaska peninsula; and thence north, with divers slants here and there, as far as St. Lawrence Island, near Bering Strait. As the steamer went north it dropped off exploring parties in likely places, and picked them up on its return.

The expedition brought back great store of information, and an immense treasure of specimens of birds, plants, worms, bugs, rocks, small animals, maps, shellfish, notes, and other plunder dear to the student of natural history. They discovered glaciers, and named a big one after Mr. Harriman. They explored fiords not down on any map; they saw Eskimos and visited them; they went to the Pribylov Islands and counted the seals that are left there, and got as far to the west as Siberia. Incidentally they had a very good time. The richest loot brought back seems to be bird specimens, but the results of the expedition are held to be highly important in many particulars.

Mr. Harriman's notion of having fun is somewhat original, but there is abundance of sense in it, and it seems very worthy of imitation.

BUSINESS, by common report, is extremely good, and we are told that great sums of money are constantly accumulating which must seek investment. No doubt investments will offer, for there is always a multitude of altruists who take it on themselves to see that the accumulations of their neighbors shall not grow mouldy from lack of chances to risk them. For persons who wish to lay up a few treasures beyond all chance of disturbance from the fluctuations of Wall Street, special opportunities of unusual attractiveness offer. Damage by floods in Texas is now rated at seven and a half millions, and there is still much to be done for those on whom that loss will fall. Those Cuban orphans are to be provided for. Miss Clara Barton said the other day that some of the children of dead reconcentrados, who could get food in no other way, would certainly steal it, with the result that the neglected boys would grow up into brigands, and make abundance of trouble later. That seems to be logical. A neglected orphan is a menace to the state if he lives, and a reproach to it if he dies.

Until the hurricane of August 8, Puerto Rico was the least distressed of all the islands that came to us from Spain. Since that storm it has been, for the time being, the worst off of any. Secretary Root's official appeal to the mayors of cities and Governors of States for funds to aid the Puerto-Ricans will doubtless meet with generous responses. As yet the apparatus for collecting money for this cause has hardly got to work, but the first subscriptions are generous and encouraging.

THE *Independent's* recent criticisms of the management of the financial end of the Christian Alliance, of which Dr. A. B. Simpson is the head, seem not to have impaired the confidence of the backers of that enterprise in its management. Dr. Simpson's bookkeeping may not be good enough for the *Independent*, but the people who are used to put money into his hands appear still to believe in him. The usual Christian Alliance Missionary Convention was held this year at Old Orchard, Maine, and on the last day of it (August 13) the customary collection was taken up. It was a big collection; how big is not yet quite clear, but one paper says $120,000, and another, $55,000. Whatever the amount, it was large, and was given under conditions of excitement and spiritual exaltation which compare favorably with those produced on former occasions.

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, who returns from Boston to New York at the instigation of the Messrs. Harper, was editor of the *Forum* from 1890 to 1895, when he succeeded Mr. Scudder as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His management of both these magazines has been appreciated and admired, both by persons who know about editing magazines and by persons who merely know about reading them. Mr. Page was born in North Carolina about forty-four years ago, and was educated at Randolph-Macon College and Johns Hopkins University. He will be the editor-in-chief of the projected encyclopædia.

Professor Bliss Perry, who succeeds him as editor of the *Atlantic*, has been, since 1893, Holmes Professor of English Literature at Princeton University. He is a graduate of Williams College, where his father, Arthur Latham Perry, was a professor when (1860) the son was born. Mr. Perry has published several successful volumes of stories.

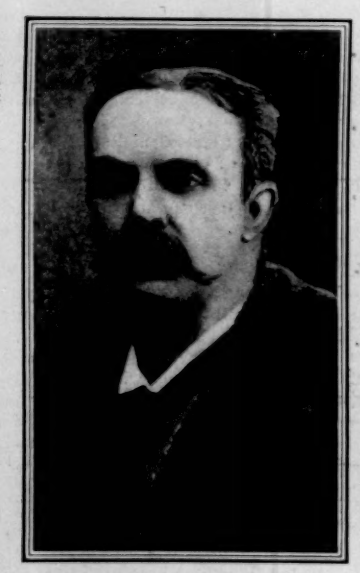
HALL OF THE LYCÉE, WHERE THE TRIAL IS HELD.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE LYCÉE AT RENNES.

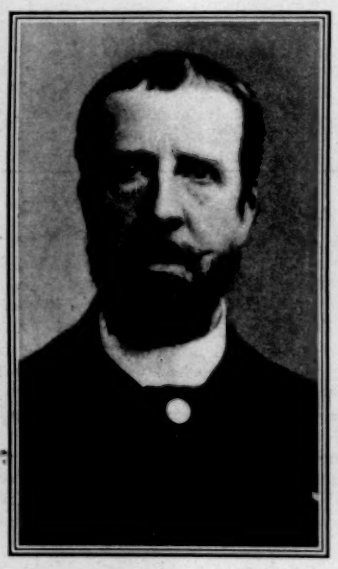
MADAME LABORI.

MAÎTRE LABORI,
Counsel for Dreyfus, who was shot and seriously wounded by an unknown Assailant, August 14.

LIEUT.-COL. PICQUART.

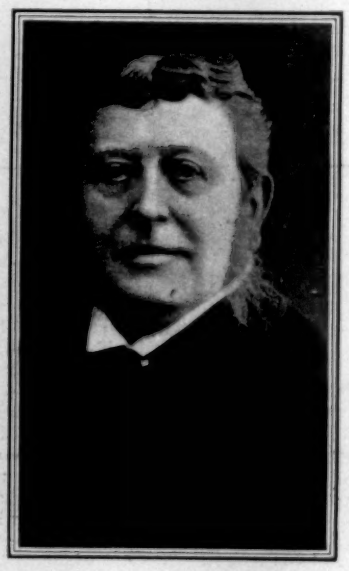


M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER,
Ex-President of France—Anti-Dreyfusard.



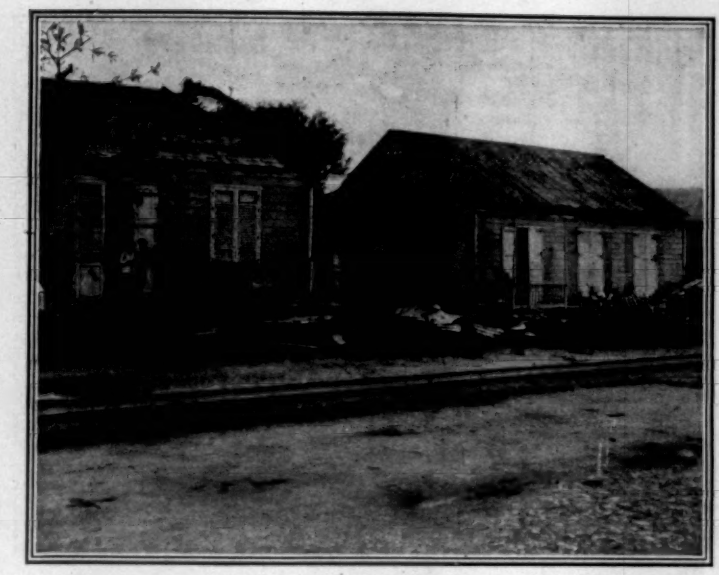
PAUL DÉROULEDE,
Anti-Semite Agitator.

GENERAL MERCIER,
Former Minister of War—Anti-Dreyfusard



MAÎTRE DEMANGE,
Senior Counsel for Dreyfus.

THE DREYFUS TRIAL—PROMINENT FIGURES AT THE HEARINGS.—[SEE PAGE 837.]



A WRECKED STREET IN PONCE.

TRAIN SWEPT FROM THE TRACK BETWEEN PONCE AND YAUCO.

A TYPICAL HOUSE IN PONCE—AUGUST 8, 1899.

OVERTURNED RAILROAD CARS.

A STREET FULL OF HOMES LAID WASTE.

SMITTEN PUERTO RICO—HAVOC WROUGHT BY CYCLONE AND FLOOD IN OUR NEW POSSESSION.

[See Page 850.]

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

discipline to which he was subjected has given him a power of concentration and a habit of persistent work, which ever since have stood him in good stead. At the same time it made him realize that he could never be permanently satisfied with anything but a literary life, and he resigned, soon after his graduation, to accept a position on the *Army and Navy Journal*. At the end of about a year of editorial work, partly upon the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, he decided to devote himself to the writing of stories, and particularly of historical novels dealing with American life. His first book, *The Celebrities*, published in 1897, was indeed written in a vein of very lively comedy; but *Richard Carvel*, upon which he was engaged for several years, is the first of a series of stories which will cover different characteristic phases of American social development.

Mr. Churchill's dominant personal trait is singleness and concentration of purpose. He unites great energy and enthusiasm with very considerable powers of work. His materials are conscientiously collected and elaborately prepared, and when the stage of composition is reached he writes with a laborious and careful pen. Everything he has published hitherto has been several times rewritten and revised, and while, as *Richard Carvel* shows, he needs plenty of space in which to carry out his ideas, he does not fall into the error of elaboration for its own sake. Just as his work indicates Western energy and self-confidence, so his face and manner indicate Western shrewdness, good-humor, and vivacity, combined, it should be added, in a scarcely describable way, with certain manifest signs of the good English blood. Indeed, throughout he is an interesting blending of some of the best English with some of the best American characteristics. He very much prefers living in the country to living in the city—partly because he is fond of out-door sports, and partly because a country residence leaves him freer to pursue his work without distraction of purpose or diversion of energy. It is quite in keeping with the above that he likes above all things a clean-limbed and well-groomed horse, and readers of his stories will remember that this taste has helped the writing of many interesting pages. Altogether, both in literature and life, he likes that which is clean, wholesome, and mobile, and anything he may produce in the future will surely be conceived in the spirit of the best traditions of English and American novel-writing.

MRS. HUGO GERALD DE BATHE.
(Lily Langtry.)

Winston Churchill

IT is very much to be hoped that Mr. Winston Churchill, whose story of pre-Revolutionary Annapolis, entitled *Richard Carvel*, attracted so much attention, will continue his studies in the origins of our contemporary American society, for he is well qualified for such a task at once by his ancestry, his birthplace, his training, and his personal temperament. He is descended on his father's side from John Churchill, who settled at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1641, and on his mother's side both from John Dwight, the founder of Dedham, Massachusetts, and from Jonathan Edwards. Thus he derives from good English stock, long resident upon the soil, and this good blood has, moreover, proved sensitive to the fluid influences of American life. The original families scattered, of course, and Mr. Churchill's immediate relatives found their way to St. Louis, where he was born in 1871.

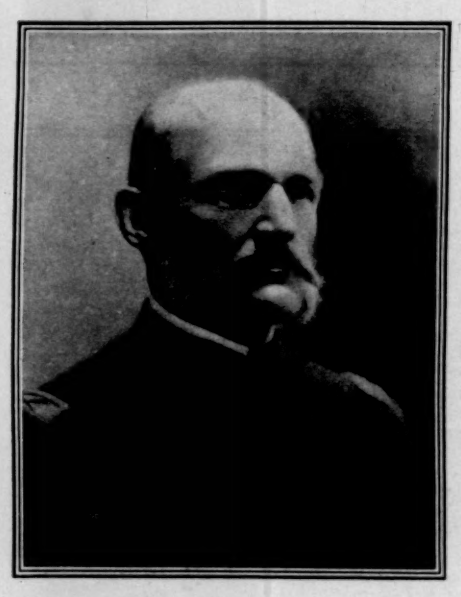
A better birthplace for one who wished to observe the many crossing and conflicting conditions of our national growth could not very well have been selected, for North, South, East, and West meet in St. Louis as in no other city of the United States. In 1888, at the age of seventeen, he received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and he continued to serve as a cadet until shortly after his graduation in 1894. The training which he received at Annapolis was, of course, chiefly technical, but it was nevertheless a good training for the work which Mr. Churchill proposes to do. Apart from the advantage of being thrown with students from all parts of the country, the severe mental and physical

COL. WILLIAM E. BIRKHIMER, U. S. V.,
28th U. S. V. I.—Captain 3d U. S. Artillery.

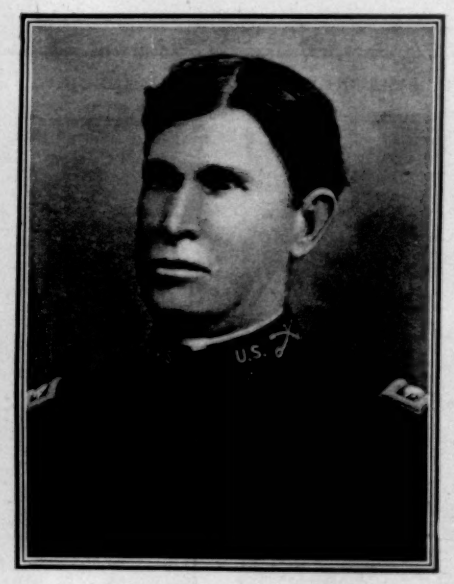
Professor Bunsen

ONLY here and there in the long list of men of science of this century may we find a name to place beside that of the famous old professor whose death occurred at Heidelberg, Germany, on August 16. It was not merely to his brilliant discoveries in the domains of chemistry and physics that his great reputation is due, for he had the good fortune to serve his fellow-laborers and the public generally by inventing useful things as well. His discoveries gave life to theories and to new branches of science; his inventions lightened work and shortened the road to attainment—quite wonderfully, in some instances. An indefatigable investigator through long years (for he was eighty-eight at the time of his death), he was a sympathetic teacher at the same time, doing double work with a high degree of success, which the German method and a German constitution made possible.

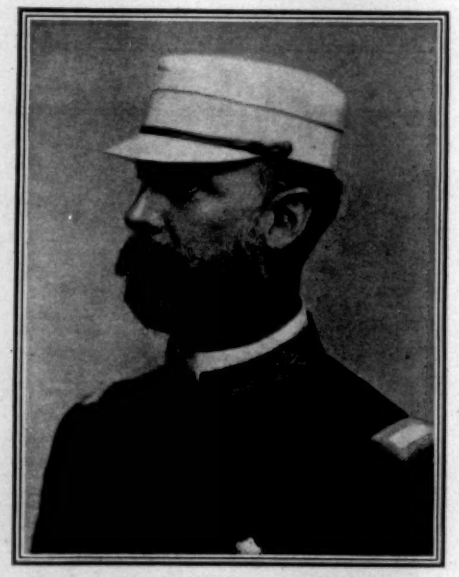
Robert Wilhelm Eberhard von Bunsen was born in the university town of Göttingen on March 13, 1811. He inherited from his father, a well-known professor of theology, his taste for scholarly pursuits, but his genius inclined him towards the study of chemistry and mathematics even when he was an undergraduate. In 1833 he received an appointment as professor in the Polytechnic School of Cassel, and began his researches in connection with a most unpromising subject—*alkarsin*—an incidental result of these studies being the discovery of a perfect antidote for arsenical poisoning, while the important outcome was that the substance under investigation was the oxide of a true organic metal. From Cassel Bunsen went to the



COL. JAMES M. BELL, U. S. V.,
27th U. S. V. I.—Major 1st U. S. Cavalry.

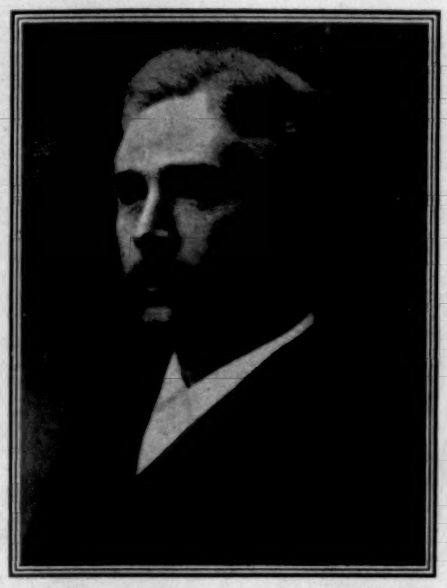


COL. LUTHER R. HARE, U. S. V.,
33d U. S. V. I.—Captain 7th U. S. Cavalry.

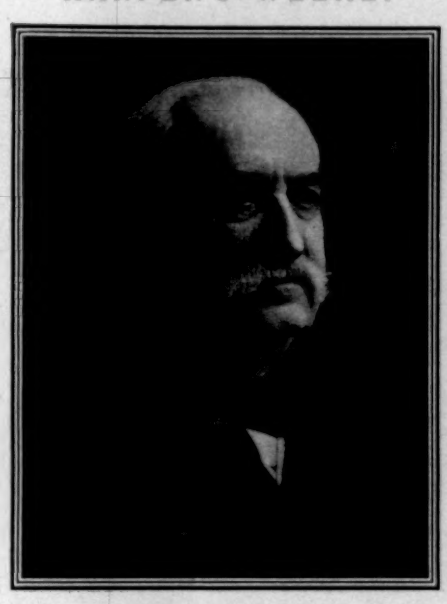


COL. LYMAN W. V. KENNON, U. S. V.,
34th U. S. V. I.—Captain 6th U. S. Infantry, Major, A. A. G., U. S. V.

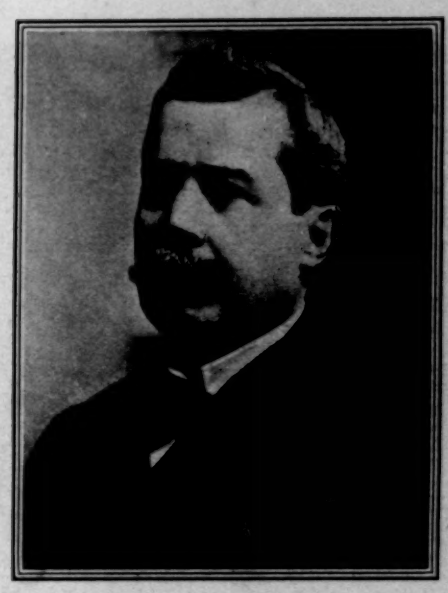
COMMANDING OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS NOW BEING FORMED FOR SERVICE IN THE PHILIPPINES.



REV. SIMON JOHN McPHERSON, D.D.
New Head Master, Lawrenceville School.



CHARLES J. STILLÉ, LL.D.,
Provost University of Pennsylvania 1868–1880.
Died August 11.—Photo. by Gutekunst.



JUAN ISIDRO JIMINEZ,
San Domingan Revolutionist.—[See Page 853.]

University of Marburg, in a region of iron-mines; and here it was that his inventions of the appliances of the hot blast were made—to utilize that portion of the heat of the furnaces which formerly was wasted. Here also his method of gas analysis was developed. In 1840 he took a prominent part at the meeting of the British Association held at Glasgow; in the following year he invented the Bunsen battery-cell; three years later he investigated volcanic phenomena in Italy, and in 1847 gave his attention to the geysers of Iceland. The University of Breslau called him in 1851, but Heidelberg secured him in 1852. He remained as an honored officer of the university in the beautiful Neckar Valley until the last, an ideal situation, both for his work and for that unfailing enjoyment of life which, beyond all question, vitalized his studies. In collaboration with Kirchoff, professor of physics at Heidelberg, he carried to a triumphant conclusion his earlier experiments in chemical analysis by means of the spectra. He was made associate of the French Academy of Sciences in 1883; his name was known and honored throughout the world; but his greatest happiness was found in the appreciation of the student body and teaching body, who made the anniversaries of events in his career the occasion for enthusiastic demonstrations of affection.

Lawrenceville School's New Head Master

IN view of the difficulty many of the colleges have had in securing new heads, it is quite noteworthy that Lawrenceville has succeeded in securing in so short a time such an eminently worthy man as Dr. Simon John McPherson, of Chicago. Dr. McPherson's fitness for educational work has long been marked, and his connection with the ethical and educational movements in Chicago have been as important as those along religious lines. Dr. McPherson was born in New York State in 1850, was educated at Princeton and at the Princeton Theological Seminary, after which he spent some time abroad and at Harvard University. Dr. McCosh remarked that Simon J. McPherson was his favorite pupil. After a pastorate of three years at East Orange he was called to Chicago, where he has labored for seventeen years in the Second Presbyterian Church, becoming in that period the chief denominational leader in the city.

Dr. McPherson was Princeton's second choice for president in 1888, and this last year was mentioned as the successor of Dr. John Hall, of New York. He has also received other definite calls to prominent educational institutions of the country. Princeton elected him a trustee several years ago, and at the Sesquicentennial gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. T. Dean Swift.

ROBERT W. E. VON BUNSEN.
Died August 16.

Dreyfus on Trial

BY JULIAN RALPH

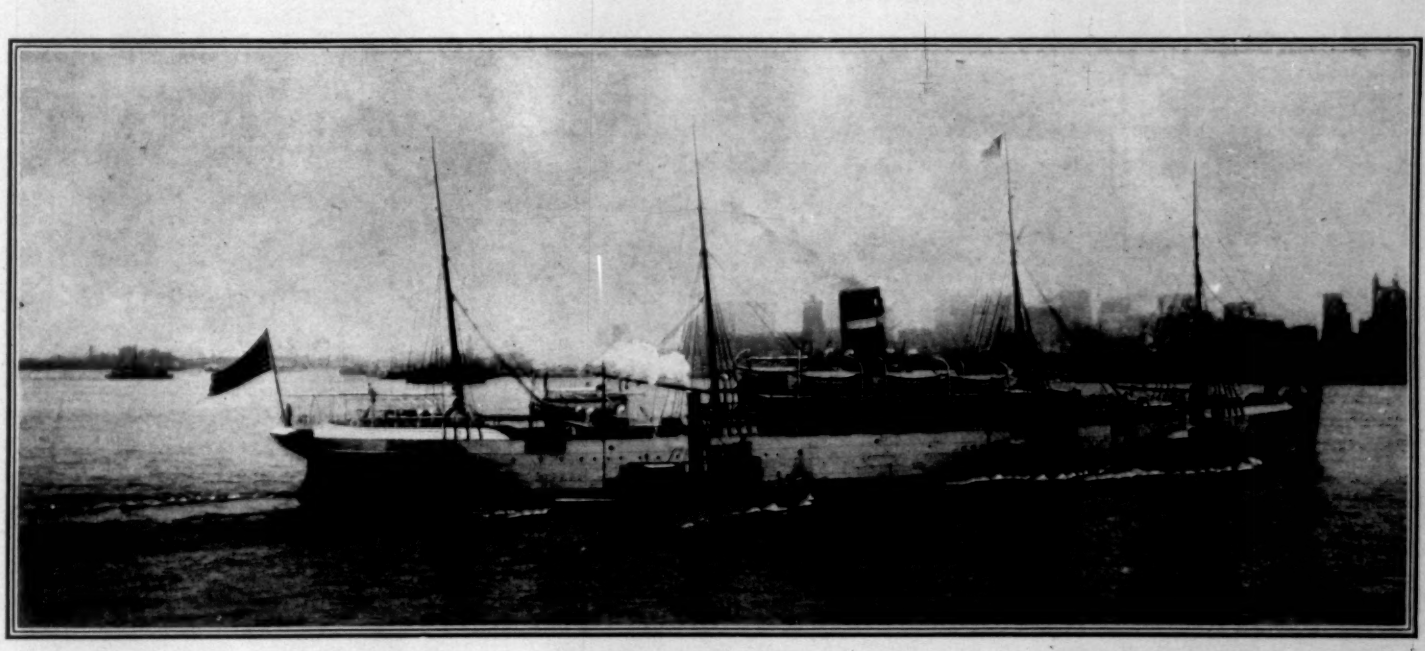
INTRODUCTORY

Rennes, *August 7.*

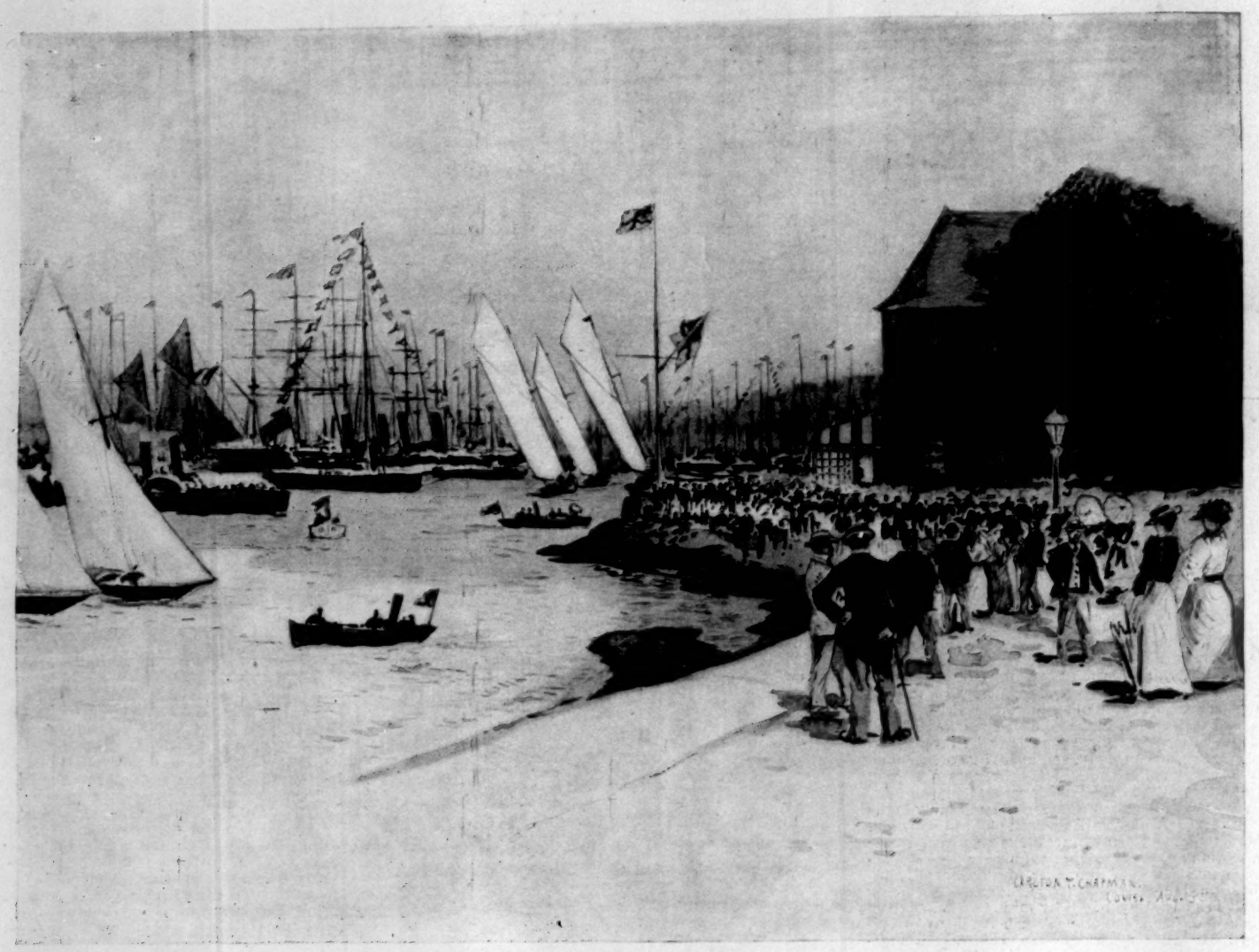
THE pulse of a fevered nation beats hardest here at Rennes. To this staid capital of the Bretons, the most phlegmatic of all Frenchmen, the intense excitement surrounding the "affaire Dreyfus" has been transferred. Parisians who include some of the most famous men of the day are crowding the hotels, the usually quiet cafés and concert-saloons hum with the talk of journalists from nearly every corner of the world, and more newspapers, telegrams, and letters come here in one day than have arrived at this place in any previous six months. The programme of life is to be up at half past five o'clock in the morning to witness the conquest of the street between the military prison and the Lycée by the gendarmerie, and then to look between their horses and see Dreyfus led from one building to the other—a distance of thirty yards. To witness this from a window during two minutes a photographer paid several pounds this morning. The next entertainment is found in the roomy and breezy hall of the Lyceum, where Dreyfus sits facing a row of resplendent officers—his judges. After that but one daily event remains—the departure of Madame Dreyfus to visit her husband—in the company of a guard and with a barrier between herself and Captain Dreyfus.

Through the eyes of one hundred and fifty journalists the world saw Captain Dreyfus for the first time this morning. He is below the average stature, but well built, though spare. He is round-shouldered, and is dressed in his former uniform, but without a sword. He is so sallow as to be almost yellow, wears black-rimmed glasses before his blue eyes, and his face carries a slight dark mustache, though his hair is almost white. His head is nobly shaped; but his face, though broad at the sides, is rather sharp, and its expression is at once eager, cold, and guarded. He is distinctly unsympathetic by nature and has a metallic voice, but in protesting his innocence to-day he stirred the audience, and few believed that his appearance and confidence were at all consonant with guilt.

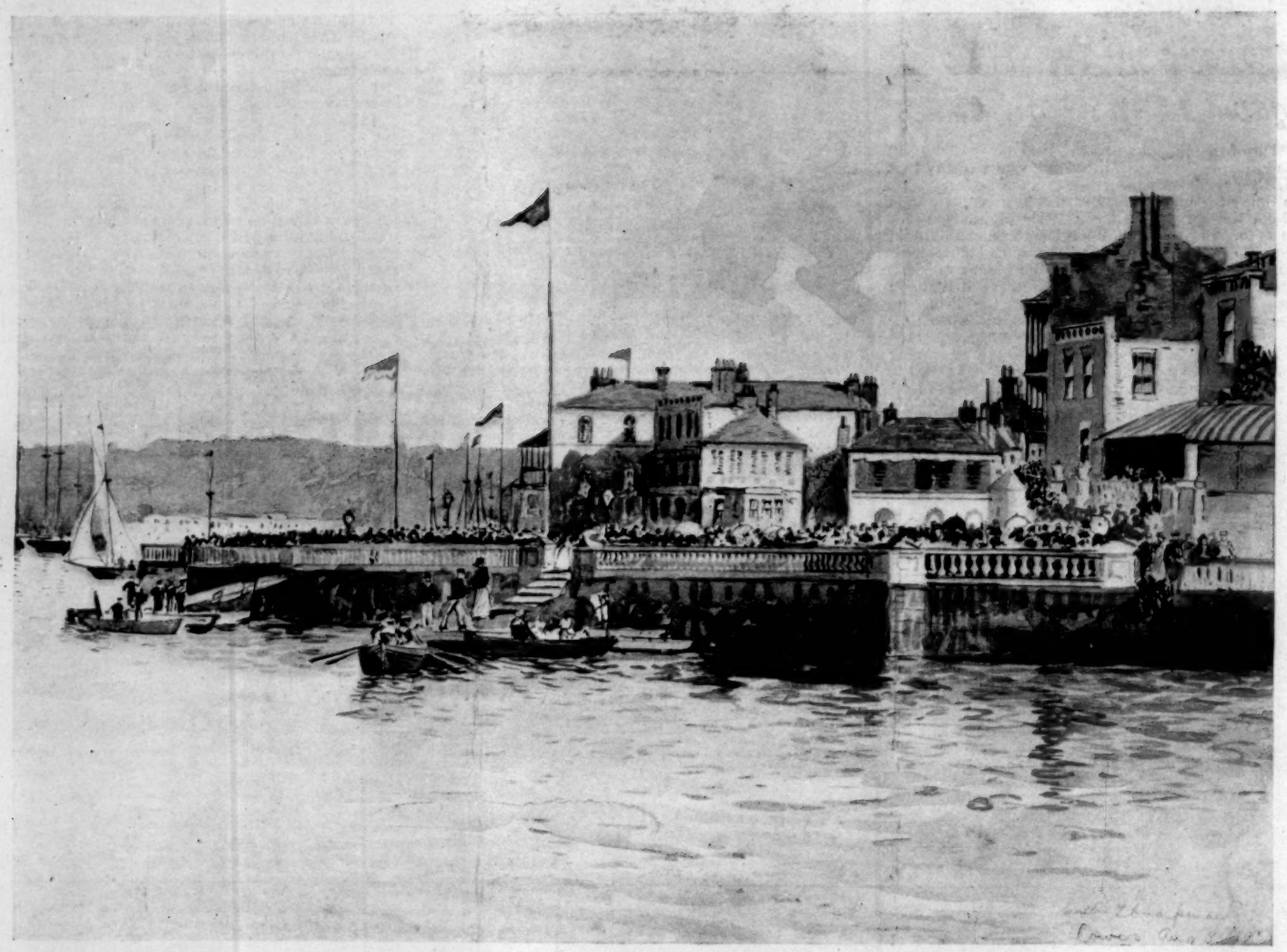
[Mr. Ralph is reporting the Dreyfus trial for Harper's Weekly, and his letters will follow in rapid succession, accompanied by illustrative material.—Editor.]



SENDING RELIEF TO PUERTO RICO—THE DEPARTURE OF THE U. S. ARMY TRANSPORT "McPHERSON," LOADED WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE SUFFERERS, AUGUST 16.



CROWDS WATCHING THE YACHTS FROM THE ESPLANADE, COWES.



Royal Yacht Squadron Club-house.

STARTING THE SOLENT ONE-DESIGN CLASS FROM NEAR FRONT OF CLUB-HOUSE, AUGUST 3.

YACHT-RACING IN ENGLAND—REGATTA WEEK AT COWES.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE ENCHANTED TYPE-WRITER. *By John Kendrick Bangs*

This story was begun August 5, 1899.

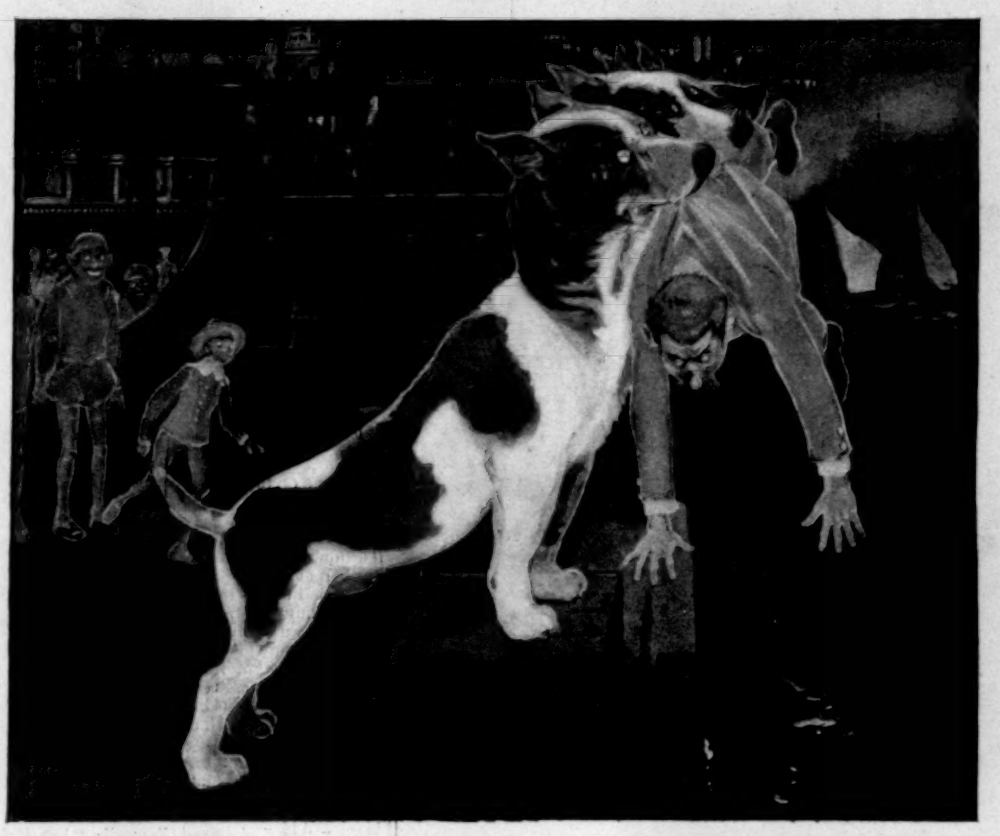
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The narrator discovers in his attic an old type-writing machine, which he cleans and places in the library. Coming home late one evening, he hears the machine going, apparently with no one operating it, and finally discovers that James Boswell, editor of the *Stygian Gazette*, had come from Hades to do some work on it. He agrees to let Boswell use the machine whenever he desires, and Boswell in return promises him the mundane rights to the *Stygian* copy. According to Boswell, the republican element in Hades is aroused because of the autocratic methods of the ruler. The next morning the narrator discovers the manuscript of "Baron Munchausen's Further Recollections." He meets Xanthippe, and she informs him that Boswell has been incarcerated for libel by reason of their publication in the *Gazette*, and that she is the editor during his absence. Boswell, returning, says that Xanthippe had ruined his paper. They organize a series of pleasure tours, the first of which is a trolley party.

VII.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

FOR some time after the organization of the Pleasure Tours, the Enchanted Type-writer appeared to be deserted. Night after night I watched over it with great care, lest I should lose any item of interest that might come to me from below, but, much to my sorrow, things in Hades appeared to be dull—so dull that the machine was not called into requisition at all. I little guessed what important matters were transpiring in that wonderful country. Had I done so, I doubt if I should have waited so patiently, although my only method of getting there was suicide, for which diversion I have very little liking. On the twenty-fourth night of waiting, however, the welcome sound of the bell dragged me forth from my comfortable couch, whither, expecting nothing, I had retired early.



"....CARRIED HIM TO THE END OF THE WHARF AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE STYX."

"Glad to hear your pleasant tinkle again," I said. "I've missed you."

"I'm glad to get back," returned Boswell; for it was he who was manipulating the keys. "I've been so infernally busy, however, over the court news that I haven't had a minute to spare."

"Court news, eh?" I said. "You are going to open up a society column, are you?"

"Not I," he replied. "It's the other kind of a court. We've been having some pretty hot litigation down in Hades since I was here last. The city of Cimmeria has been suing the State of Hades for ten years' back dog-taxes."

"For what?" I cried.

"Unpaid dog-taxes for ten years," Boswell explained. "We have just as much government below in our cities as you have, and I will say for Hades that our cities are better run than yours."

"I suppose that is due to the fact that when a man gets to Hades he immediately becomes a reformer," I suggested, with a wink at the machine, which somehow or other did not seem to appreciate the joke.

"Possibly," observed Boswell. "Whatever the reason, however, the fact remains that Cimmeria is a well-governed city, and, what is more, it isn't afraid to assert its rights, even as against old Apollyon himself."

"It's safe enough for a corporation," said I. "Much safer for a corporation which has no soul than for an individual who has. You can't torture a city—"

"Oh, can't you!" laughed Boswell. "Humph! Apollyon can make it as hot for a city as he can for an individual. It is evident that you never heard of Sodom and Gomorrah—which is surprising to me, since your jokes about Lot's wife being too fresh and getting salted down would seem to indicate that you had heard something about the punishment those cities underwent."

"You are right, Bozzy," I said. "I had forgotten. But tell me about the dog-tax. Does the State own a dog?"

"Does it!" roared Boswell. "Why, my dear fellow, where were you brought up and educated? Does the State own a dog!"

"That's what I asked you," I put in, meekly. "I may be very ignorant—unless you mean the kind that we have in our legislatures, called the watch-dogs of the treasury, or perhaps the dogs of war. But I never thought any city would be crazy enough to make the government take out a license for them."

"Never heard of a beast named Cerberus, I suppose?" said Boswell.

"Yes, I have," I answered. "He guards the gates to the infernal regions."

"Well—he's the bone of contention," said Boswell. "You see, about ten years ago the people of Cimmeria got rather tired of the condition of their streets. They were badly paved. They were full of good intentions, but the citizens thought they ought to have something more lasting, so they voted to appropriate an enormous sum for asphalting. They didn't realize how sloppy asphalt would become in that climate; but after the asphalt was put down they found out, and a Beelzebub of a time of it they had. Pegasus sprained his off hind leg by slipping on it, Bucephalus got into it with all four feet, and had to be lifted out with a derrick, and every other fine horse we had was more or less injured, and the damage suits against the city were enormous. To remedy this, the asphalting was taken up and a Nicholson wood pavement was put down. This was worse than the other. It used to catch fire every other night, and finally, to protect their houses, the people rose up *en masse* and ripped it all to pieces.

"This necessitated a third new pavement, of Belgian blocks, to pay for which the already overburdened city of Cimmeria had to issue bonds to an enormous amount, all of which necessitated an increase of taxes. Naturally, one of the first taxes to be imposed was a dog-tax, and it was that which led to this lawsuit, which, I regret to say, the city has lost, although Judge Blackstone's decision was eminently fair."

"Wouldn't the State pay?" I asked.

"Yes—on Cerberus as one dog," said Boswell. "The city claimed, however, that Cerberus was more than that, and endeavored to collect on three dogs—one license for each head. This the State declined to pay, and out of this grew further complications of a distressing nature. The city sent its dog-catchers up to abscond with the dog, intending to cut off two of its heads, and return the balance as being as much of the beast as the State was entitled to maintain on a single license. It was an unfortunate move, for when Cerberus himself took the situation in, which he did at a glance, he nabbed the dog-catcher by the coat tails with one pair of jaws, grabbed hold of his collar with another, and shook him as he would a rat, meanwhile chewing up other portions of the unfortunate official with his third set of teeth. The functionary was then carried home on a stretcher, and subsequently sued the city for damages, which he recovered.

"Another man was sent out to lure the ferocious beast to the pound with a lasso, but it worked no better than the previous attempt. The lasso fell all right and tight about one of the animal's necks, but his other two heads immediately set to work and gnawed the rope through, and then set off after the dog-catcher, overtaking him at the very door of the pound. This time he didn't do any biting, but lifting the dog-catcher up, with his various sets of teeth fastened to his collar, coat tails, and feet, respectively, carried him, yelling like a trooper, to the end of the wharf, and dropped him into the Styx. The result of this was nervous prostration for the dog-catcher, another suit for damages for the city, and a great laugh for the State authorities. In fact," Boswell added, confidentially, "I think, perhaps, the reason why the Prime Minister hasn't got Apollyon to hang the whole city government has been due to the fun they've got out of seeing Cerberus and the city fighting it out together. There's no doubt about it that he is a wonderful dog, and is quite capable of taking care of himself."

"But the outcome of the case?" I asked, much interested.

"Defeat for the city," said Boswell. "Failing to enforce its authority by means of its servants, the city undertook to recover by due process of law. The dog-catchers were powerless; the police declined to act on the advice of the commissioners, since dog-catching was not within their province; and the fire department averred that it was designed for the putting out of fires, and not for extinguishing fiery canines like Cerberus. The dog, meanwhile, to show his contempt for the city, chewed the license-tag off the neck upon which it had been placed, and dropped it into a smelting-pot, inside the gates of the infernal regions, that was reserved to bring political prisoners to their senses, and, worse than all, made a perfect nuisance of himself by barking all day and baying all night, rain or shine.

"Papers in a suit at law were served on Mazarin and the other members of Apollyon's Council, the causes of complaint were recited, and damages for ten years' back taxes on two dogs, plus the amounts recovered from the city by the two injured dog-catchers, were demanded. The suit was put upon the calendar, and Apollyon himself sat upon the bench with Judge Blackstone, before whom the case was to be tried.

"On both sides the arguments were exceedingly strong. Coke appeared for the city, and Catiline for the State. After the complaint was read, the attorney for the State put in his answer—that the State's contention was that the ordinance had been complied with, that Cerberus was only one dog, and that the license had been paid; that, the license having been paid, the dog-catchers had no right to endeavor to abduct the animal, and that, having done so, they did it at their own peril; that the suit ought to be dismissed, but that for the fun of the thing the State was perfectly willing to let it go on.

"In rebuttal the plaintiff claimed that Cerberus was three dogs, to all intents and purposes, and the first dog-catcher was called to testify. After giving his name and address, he was asked a few questions of minor importance, and then Coke asked,

"'Are you familiar with dogs?'

"'Moderately,' was the answer. 'I never got quite so intimate with one as I did with him.'

"'With whom?' asked Coke.

"'Cerberus,' replied the witness.

"'Do you consider him to be one dog, two dogs, or three dogs?'

"'I object!' cried Catiline, springing to his feet. 'The question is a leading one.'

"'Sustained,' said Blackstone, with a nervous glance at Apollyon, who smiled reassuringly at him.

"'Ah, you say you know a dog when you see one?' asked Coke.

"'Yes,' said the witness, 'perfectly.'

"'Do you know two dogs when you see them, or even three?' asked Coke.

"'I do,' replied the witness.

"'And how many dogs did you see when you saw Cerberus?' asked Coke, triumphantly.

"'Three, anyhow,' replied the witness, 'though afterwards I thought there was a whole bench-show atop of me.'

"'Your witness,' said Coke.

"A murmur of applause went through the court-room, at which Apollyon frowned; but his face cleared in a moment when Catiline rose up.

"'My cross-examination of this witness, your honor, will be confined to one question.' Then turning to the witness, he said, blandly, 'My poor friend, if you considered Cerberus to be three dogs anyhow, why did you in your examination a moment since refer to the avalanche of caninity, of which you so affectingly speak, as him?'

"'He is a him,' said the witness.

"'But if there were three, should he not have been a them?'

"Coke swore profanely beneath his breath, and the witness squirmed about in his chair, confused and broken, while both Judge Blackstone and Apollyon smiled broadly. Manifestly the point of the defence had pierced the armor of the plaintiff.

"'Your witness for redirect,' said Catiline.

"'No, thanks,' retorted Coke; 'there are others,' and motioning to his first witness to step down, he called the second dog-catcher.

"'What is your business?' asked Coke, after the usual preliminary questions.

"'I'm out of business. Livin' on my damages,' said the witness.

"'What damages?' asked Coke.

"'Them I got from the city for injuries did me by that there—I should say them there—dorgs, Cerberus.'

"'Them there what?' persisted Coke, to emphasize the point.

"'Dorgs,' said the witness, convincingly—'d-o-r-g-s.'

"'Why *s*?' queried Coke. 'We may admit the *r*, but why the *s*?'

"'Because it's the pullural of dorg. Cerberus ain't any single-headed commission,' said the witness, who was something of a ward politician.

"'Why do you say that Cerberus is more than one dog?'

"'Because I've had experience,' replied the witness. 'I've seen the time when he was everywhere all at once; that's why I say he's more than one dorg. If he'd been only one dorg he couldn't have been anywhere else than where he was.'

"'When was that?'

"'When I lassoed him.'

"'Him?' remonstrated Coke.

"'Yes,' said the witness. 'I only caught one of him, and then the other two took a hand.'

"'Ah! the other two,' said Coke. 'You know dogs when you see them?'

"'I do, and he was all of 'em in a bunch,' replied the witness.

"'Your witness,' said Coke.

"'My friend,' said Catiline, rising quietly, 'how many men are you?'

"'One, sir,' was the answer.

"'Have you ever been in two places at once?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'When was that?'

"'When I was in jail and in London all at the same time.'

"'Very good; but were you in two places on the day of this attack upon you by Cerberus?'

"'No, sir. I wish I had been. I'd have staid in the other place.'

"'Then, if you were in but one place yourself, how do you know that Cerberus was in more than one place?'

"'Well, I guess if you—'

"'Answer the question,' said Catiline.

"'Oh, well—of course—'

"'Of course,' echoed Catiline. 'That's it, your honor; it is only "of course."—and I rest my case. We have no witnesses to call. We have proven by their own witnesses that there is no evidence of Cerberus being more than one dog.'

"You ought to have heard the cheers as Catiline sat down," continued Boswell. "As for poor Coke, he was regularly knocked out; but he rose up to sum up his case as best he could. Blackstone, however, stopped him right at the beginning.

"'The counsel for the plaintiff might as well sit down,' he said, 'and save his breath. I've decided this case in favor of the defendant long ago. It is plain to every one that Cerberus is only one dog, in spite of his many talents and manifest ability to be in several places at once, and inasmuch as the tax which is sued for is merely a dog-tax and not a poll-tax, I must render judgment for the defendants, with costs. Next case.'

"And the city of Cimmeria was thrown out of court," concluded Boswell. "Interesting, eh?"

"Very," said I. "But how will this affect Blackstone? Isn't he a City Judge?"

"No," replied Boswell; "he was, but his time expired this morning, and this afternoon Apollyon appointed him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Hades."

VIII.

A HAND-BOOK TO HADES.

"BOSWELL," said I the other night, as the machine began to click nervously, "I have just received a letter from an unknown friend in Hawaii, who wants to know how the prize-fight between Samson and Goliath came out, that time when Kidd and his pirate crew stole the House-Boat on the Styx."

"Just wait a minute, please," the machine responded. "I am very busy just now mapping out the itinerary of the first series of the Boswell Personally Conducted Tours you suggested some time ago. I laid that whole proposition before the Entertainment Committee of the Associated Shades, and they have resolved unanimously to charter the *Ex-Great Eastern* from the Styx Navigation Company and return to the scenes of their former glory, devoting a year to it."

"Going to take their wives?" I asked.

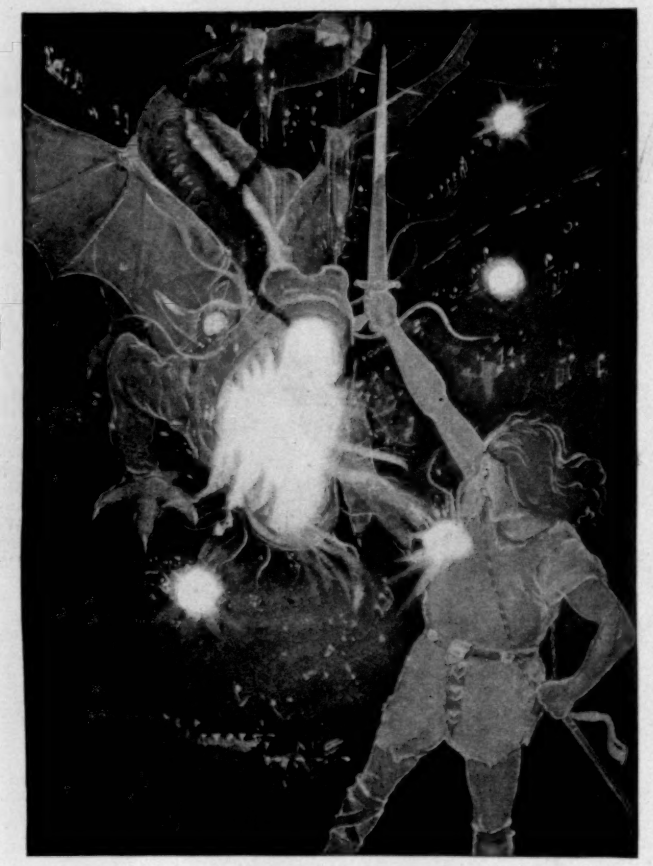
"I don't know," Boswell replied. "That is a matter outside of the jurisdiction of the committee, and must be decided by a full vote of the club. I hope they will, however. As manager of the enterprise I need assistance, and there are some of the men who can't be managed by anybody except their wives, or mothers-in-law, anyhow. I'll be through in a few minutes. Meanwhile let me hand you the latest product of the Boswell press."

With this the genial spirit produced from an invisible pocket a red-covered book, bearing the delicious title of *Baedeker's Hades: A Hand-Book for Travellers*, which has entirely superseded, according to the advertisement on the fly-leaves, such books as Virgil and Dante's *Inferno* as the best guide to the lower regions—as well it might, for it appeared on perusal to have been prepared with as much care as one of the more material guide-books of the same publisher, which so greatly assist travellers on this side of the Stygian River.

Some time, if Boswell will permit, I shall endeavor to have this little volume published in this country, since it contains many valuable hints to the man of a roving disposition—or for the stay-at-home, for that matter, for all roads lead to Hades. For instance, we do not find in previous guide-books, like Dante's *Inferno*, any references whatsoever to the languages it is well to know before taking the Stygian tour; to the kind of money needed, or its quantity per capita; no allusion to the necessity of passports is found in Dante or Virgil; custom-house requirements are ignored by these authors; no statements as to the kind of clothing needed, the quality of the hotels—nor, indeed, any real information of vital importance to the traveller is to be found in the older books. In *Baedeker's Hades*, on the other hand, all these subjects are exhaustively treated, together with a very comprehensive series of chapters on "Stygian Wines," "Climate," and "Hellish Art"—the expression is not mine—and other topics of essential interest.

And of what suggestive quality was this little book! Who would ever have guessed from a perusal of Dante that as Hades is the place of departed spirits, so also is it the ultimate resting-place of all other departed things? What delightful anticipations are there in the idea of a visit to the Alexandrian library, now suitably housed on the south side of Apollyon Square, Cimmeria, in a building that would drive the trustees of the Boston Public Library into envious despair, even though living bachantes are found daily improving their minds in the recesses of its commodious alcoves! What joyous feelings it gives one to think of visiting the navy-yards of Tyre, and finding there the ships concerning the whereabouts of which poets have vainly asked questions for ages! Who would ever dream that the question of the balladist, himself an able dreamer concerning classic things, "Where are the Cities of Old Time?" could ever find its answer in a simple guide-book, telling us where Carthage is, where Troy, and all the lost cities of antiquity?

Then the details of amusements in this wonderful country—who could gather aught of these from the Italian poet? The theatres of Gehenna, with "Hamlet" produced under the joint direction of Shakspere and the Prince of Denmark himself; the great Zoo of Sheolia, with Jumbo, and the famous woolly horse of earlier days, not to mention the long series of menageries which has passed over the dark river in the ages now forgotten; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, where the picnicking element of Hades flock week after week, shooting the chutes, and clambering joyously in and out of the Trojan Horse, now set up in all its majesty therein, with bowling-alleys on its roof, elevators in its legs, and the original Ferris Wheel in its head; the freak museums in the densely populated sections of the large cities, where Hop-o'-my-Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer are exhibited day after day alongside of the great ogres they have killed; the opera-house, with Siegfried himself singing, supported by the real Brünnhilde and the original, *bona fide* dragon Fafnir, running of his own motive power, and breathing actual fire and smoke without the aid of a steam-engine and a plumber to connect him therewith before he can go out upon the stage to engage Siegfried in deadly combat.



"....INJURED BY THE BALLS OF FIRE WHICH THE DRAGON BREATHED OUT."

For the information contained in this last item alone, even if the book had no other virtue, it would be worthy of careful perusal, from the opening paragraph, on language, to the last, dealing with the descent into the Vitriol Reservoir at Gehenna. The account of the feeding of Fafnir, to which admission can be had on payment of ten oboli—beginning with a *purée* of kerosene, followed by a half-dozen cartridges on the half-shell, an *entrée* of nitro-glycerine, a solid roast of cannel-coal, and a salad of gun-cotton, with a mayonnaise dressing of alcohol and a pinch of powder, topped off with a *demi-tasse* of benzine and a box of matches to keep the fires of his spirit going—is one of the most moving things I have ever read; and yet it may be said without fear of contradiction that until this guide-book was prepared very few of the Stygian tourists have imagined that there was such a sight to be seen. I have gone carefully over Dante, Virgil, and the works of Andrew Lang, and have found no reference whatsoever in the pages of any of these talented persons to this marvellous spectacle, which takes place three times a day, and which, I doubt not, results in a performance of "Siegfried" for the delectation of the music-lovers of Hades which it is beyond the power of the human mind to conceive.

The hand-book has an added virtue, which distinguishes it from any other that I have ever seen, in that it is anecdotal in style at times when an anecdote is available and appropriate. In connection with this same Fafnir, as showing how necessary it is for the tourist to be careful of his personal safety in Hades, it is related that upon one occasion the keeper of the dragon, having taken a grudge against Siegfried for some unintentional slight, fed Fafnir upon Roman-candles and a sky-rocket, with the result that in the fight between the hero and the demon of the wood Siegfried was seriously injured by the red, white, and blue balls of fire which the dragon breathed out upon him, while the sky-rocket flew out into the auditorium and struck a young man in the top gallery, knocking him senseless, the stick falling into a grand-tier box and impaling one of the best-known social lights of Cimmeria. "Therefore," adds the astute editor of the hand-book, "on 'Siegfried' nights it were well if the tourist were to go provided with an asbestos umbrella for use in case of an emergency of a similar nature."

In that portion of the book devoted to the trip up the river Styx the legends far surpass any of the Rhine stories in dramatic interest, because, according to Commodore Charon's excursion system, the tourist can step ashore and see the chief actors in them, who for a consideration will give a full-dress rehearsal of the legendary acts for which they have been famous. The sirens of the Stygian Lorelei, for instance, sit on an eminence not far above the city of Cimmeria and make a profession of luring people ashore, and giving away, at so much per head, locks of their hair for remembrance' sake, all of which makes of the Stygian trip a thing of far greater interest than that of the Rhine.

It had been my intention to make a few extracts from this portion of the volume, showing later developments in the legends of the Drachenfels, and others of more than ordinary interest, but I found that with the departure of Boswell for the night the treasured hand-book also disappeared; but, as I have already stated, if I can secure his consent to do so I will some day have the book copied off on a more material substance than that employed in the original manuscript, so that the useful little tome may be printed and scattered broadcast over a waiting and appreciative world. I may as well state here, too, that I have taken the precaution to have the title *Baedeker's Hades* and its contents copyrighted, so that any pirate who recognizes the value of the scheme will attempt to pirate the work at his peril.

Hardly had I finished the chapter on the legends of the Styx when Boswell broke in upon me with, "Well, how do you like it?"

"It's great," I said. "May I keep it?"

"You may if you can," he laughed. "But I fancy it can't withstand the rigors of this climate any more than an unfireproof copy of one of your books could stand the canicular of ours."

His words were soon to be verified, for as soon as he left me the book vanished; but whether it went off into thin air or was repocketed by the departing Boswell I am not entirely certain.

"What was it you asked me about Samson and Goliath?" Boswell observed as he gathered up his manuscript from the floor beside the Enchanted Type-writer. "Whether they'd ever been in Honolulu?"

"No," I replied. "I got a letter from Hawaii the other day asking for the result of the prize-fight the day Kidd ran off with the House-Boat."

"Oh!" replied Boswell. "That? Why, ah, Samson won, hands down; but only because they played according to latter-day rules. If it had been a regular knock-out fight, like the contests in the old days of the ring when it was in its prime, Goliath could have managed him with one hand; but the Samson backers played a sharp game on the Philistine by having the most recently amended Queensberry rules adopted, and Goliath wasn't in it five minutes after Samson opened his mouth."

"I don't think I understand," said I.

"Plain enough," explained Boswell. "Goliath didn't know what the modern rules were, but he thought a fight was a fight under any rules, so, like a decent chap, he agreed, and when he found that it was nothing but a talking-match he'd got into he fainted. He never was good at expressing himself fluently. Samson talked him down in two rounds, just as he did the other Philistines in the early days on earth."

I laughed. "You're slightly off there," I said. "That was a stand-up-and-be-knocked-down fight, wasn't it? He used the jawbone of an ass."

"Very true," observed Boswell; "but it is evident that it is you who are slightly off. You haven't kept up with the higher criticism. It has been proven scientifically not only that the whale did not swallow Jonah, but that Samson's great feat against the Philistines was comparable only to the achievements of your modern Senators. He talked them to death."

"Then why jawbone of an ass?" I cried.

"Samson was an ass," replied Boswell. "They prove that by the temple episode; for, you see, if he hadn't been one he'd have got out of the building before yanking the foundations from under it. I tell you, old chap, this higher criticism is a great thing, and as logical as death itself."

And with this Boswell left me.

I sincerely hope that the result of the fight will prove as satisfactory to my friend in Hawaii as it was to me; for while I have no particular admiration for Samson, I have always rejoiced to hear of the discomfitures of Goliath, who, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was not only not a gentleman, but, in addition, had no more regard for the rights of others than a member of the New York police force, or the editor of a Sunday newspaper with a thirst for sensation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Vespers in the Wood

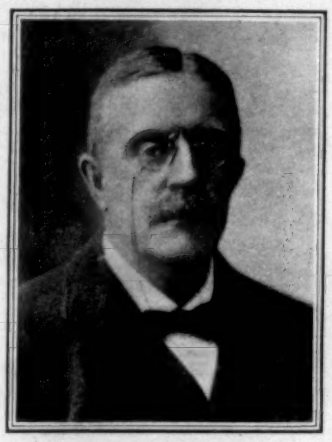
THE wood is hushed; for summer's hand
Has soothed the fret of the untamed land
Till now in the depth of afternoon
Small creatures hum a decorous tune,
And clearly, through the vibrant hush,
Sounds the far hymn of a hermit-thrush:

The air is sweet with a pungent myrrh,
Incense the sun has found in the fir;
The light through the leaves' translucent mass
Comes stained as by cathedral glass—
Touches with glory the gray tree trunks
And gives them halos like holy monks.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

Two Kinds of Democrats

IT is singular, this pertinacity and non-significance of a name, especially of the name of a political party. Once attached to an organization, it adheres to it and its successors, real and presumptive, sometimes during the lifetime of a nation. Perhaps political party names and their embodiments do not differ in this respect from cognominal relations and history in general. An individual's name is not always indicative of the same kind of man at different periods of his existence. The name of Gladstone, for example, meant a Tory sixty years ago, the remembrance of which fact in after-years served only to increase Tory rage, and to make more audible the gnashing of Tory teeth. There are people who have inherited and are wearing respectable denominational designations with an ease and comfort, perhaps one might say with an *insouciance*, that make you forget the personal heresies of the individual. But political parties afford the most marked example of the great historic fact that cognomens are meaningless; and of all political parties, the modern Democratic

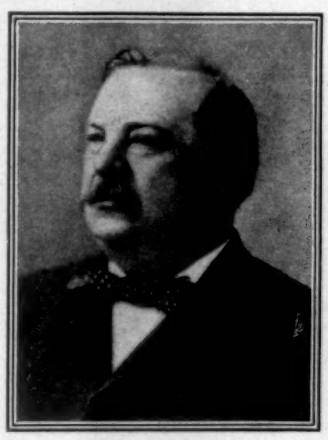


CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.

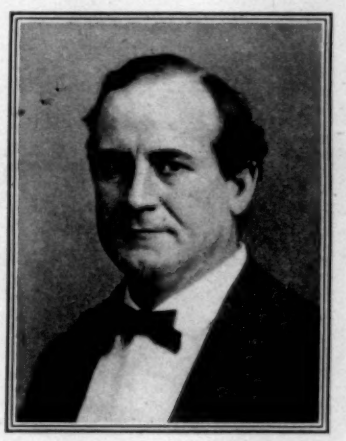
JOHN P. ALTGELD.

party affords the most startling illustration of this natural lack of logical connection between the name and the thing.

Here is a series of pictures of well-known men—contrasted two by two. They are all men generally known and classified as Democrats. In one group are men of high character and fine intellectuality, men who have risen to rare distinction by reason of character and ability. In the other group are men of quite a different stamp. These two groups declare the differences in their faces. The mind and the soul have set their stamp upon the features. One set of pictures is clearly of a group of men who have the courage of independence, who reflect and study and think. Some of the others study and think too, but there is a difference between the physical aspect of the man whose mental work is with principles and one whose mind is busy devising shifts and turns for his own advantage. Compare the faces of Charles S. Fairchild and Altgeld, for example; is it necessary to say anything more? Can words add to the story of

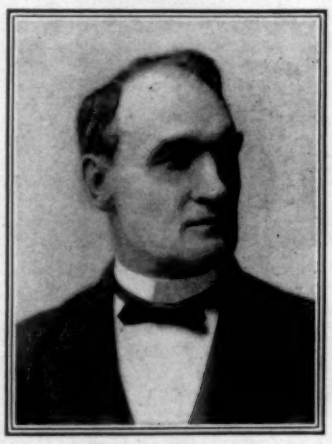


GROVER CLEVELAND.

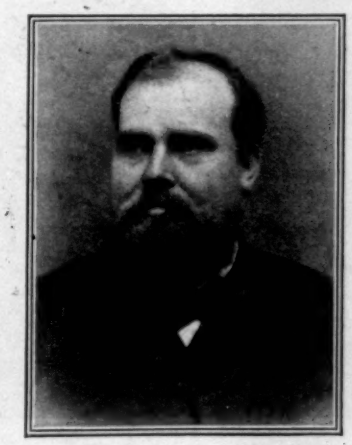


WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

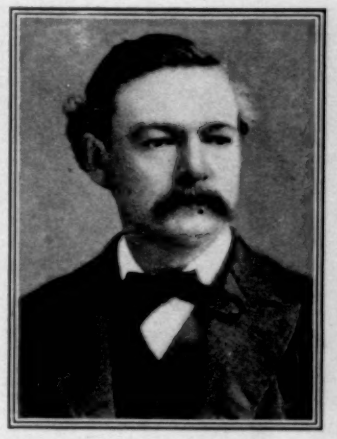
character written on the faces of these two men? Look, again, at the photographs of Grover Cleveland and William J. Bryan. It would be a poor compliment to the readers of the WEEKLY to ask them which one of these two men could be more safely intrusted with important affairs, which is the man of inflexible will, of strong convictions, of stalwart character, of complete dependability, whose mind will guide him, and whose conscience will hold him straight in the path which he believes to be the right one. Is it not true that the face of the other, with his vanity shining even in the pictured eyes, and his mobile mouth ready to fly open at a second's warning, is the face of a man whose convictions lie upon his lips, ready to be flooded out by wordy emotion or passion? Look at Carlisle and Hogg—the striking examples of the clear-thinking lawyer and statesman, and the muddy and flabby-minded rhetorician, whose pride is not that he has come from humble people and demonstrated the sturdiness of his stock by his own achievements, but that he continues to be "one of the people," thereby reflecting unduly



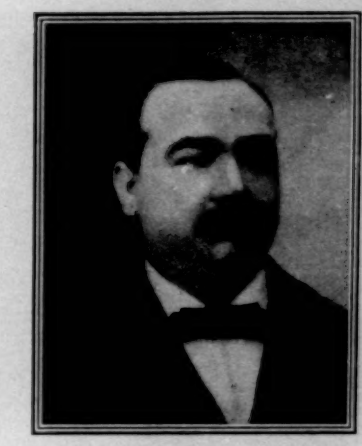
JOHN G. CARLISLE.



JAMES S. HOGG.



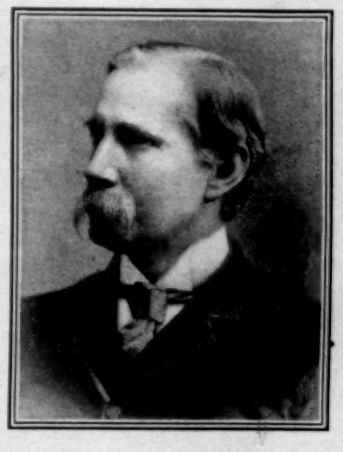
PATRICK A. COLLINS.



ROBERT E. BURKE.

upon the "people"; for the politician who boasts that he is "one of the people" does not mean to honor his fellows, but to cajole them. Hogg is the kind of man who insults the American people by believing that they dislike and distrust superior men, that they prefer to honor those who profess ignorance, ill manners, and blunted moral sensibilities. There are many politicians like Hogg, and it is curious that they learn nothing from the demonstrations by the people themselves that it is quite a mistake to suppose that the American democracy does not admire brains and courage.

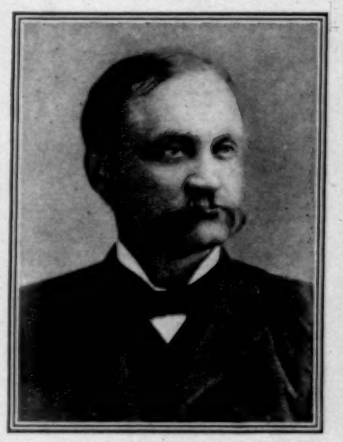
A very interesting pair are Collins and Burke; Croker might be added to Burke, and the teaching of the photographs would be the same. These men are Irishmen, and both have taken advantage of their opportunities. One availed himself of the educational privileges of Boston and of Harvard Law School, and although there was a Know-nothing interruption to his studies, there is no doubt as to the value of the result of the mental training which he has given himself. The country which has listened to his



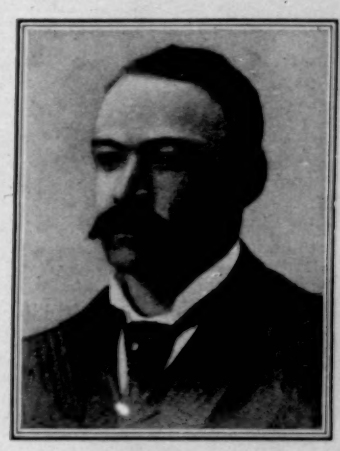
WILLIAM L. WILSON.

BENJAMIN TILLMAN.

eloquence, and which has admired the skill and the courage of his leadership and his indomitable conscience, knows who Collins is; but very few know who Burke is. We know that Collins is in politics because he believes in certain principles, is interested in public questions which he has studied and is trained to advocate. Burke is another kind of Irishman. He is not in politics either for his own health or for the health of the community in which he lives. He belongs to an order of modern freebooters who know none of the municipal problems which are agitating statesmen and political writers, but who are perfectly familiar with the private and personal gain possible from municipal opportunities. Burke, like ex-Governor Altgeld, is interested in socialism, or the subject of immigration, or in the currency question for the votes that are in them. The difference between Burke and Altgeld is that the latter knows what socialism is, and prefers socialism when he is not pandering to the anarchists. He is able to forge an intellectual weapon for the battles which ignorance, lawlessness, and brutality are



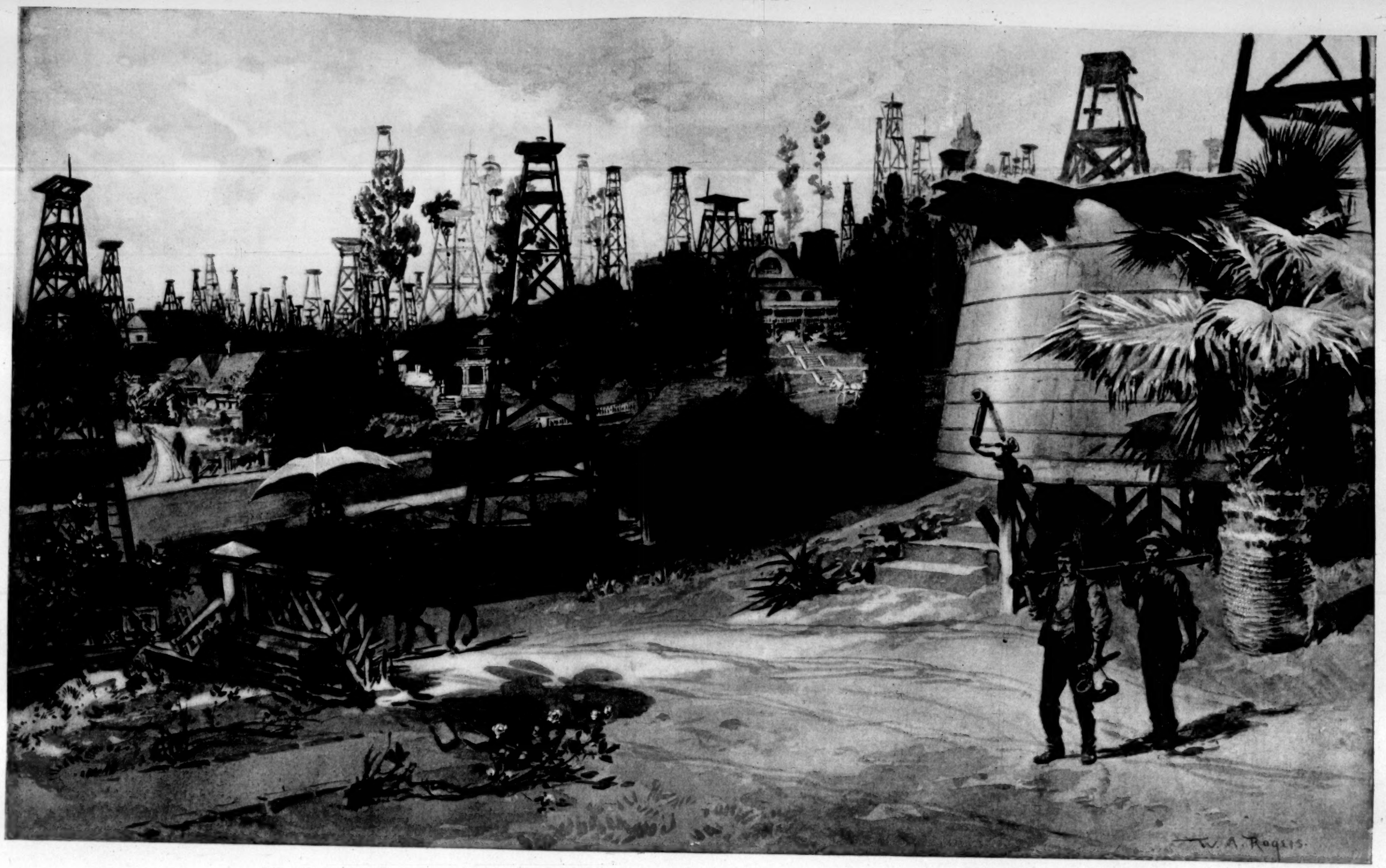
CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE.



THOMAS GAHAN.

always waging against enlightenment, order, and civilization. One can see the difference between Burke, or Gahan, or Tillman, or Hogg, or even Bryan and the arch-Machiavelli of the socialistic party which is now posing as the Democratic party.

The leaders of the Democratic party of to-day, it will be seen at a glance, are a very different order of men from the Democratic leaders of Mr. Cleveland's two administrations. These last, differ from them as you may on political questions, are the fine products of American civilization. There are many American types, and these men are typical Americans, and not long ago were among the leaders in political thought and in political position. Mr. Fairchild, for example, had been the intimate friend of Tilden, Attorney-General of the State of New York, and Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Carlisle had been for years a member of the House of Representatives, its Speaker, United States Senator from Kentucky, and Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Wilson had been one of the most distinguished representatives of the South in Congress, and Postmaster-General. Mr. Collins was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, was a wise counsellor, the trusted adviser of Grover Cleveland, the Irish-American of greatest influence, a member of Congress, and Consul-General to London. These are examples of the men who stood at



OIL-FIELDS IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—THE TRANSFORMATION OF A RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 849.]

PROSPERITY IN THE SOUTH—THE CROWDED WHARVES OF GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 849.]

NEW YORK BREATHES FREELY AGAIN—RICHARD CROKER'S RETURN TO THE CITY FROM ENGLAND, AUGUST 12.

the head of the Democratic party, until its capture by the socialistic mob which ran in Bryan, Altgeld, Hogg, Tillman, Tammany, and the like, and ran out Grover Cleveland and the men who constituted the brains and character of the organization, who had been Democrats because they were opposed to prohibitive tariffs, and believed in sound money, local self-government, and had views on other serious subjects. The reader may agree with them or not, but these men had opinions, the result of study and intelligent thinking, and they maintained them with ability. What principally endears them to right-thinking men, however, is the manner in which they went out of public life for the sake of their principles. Their party organization was captured by a horde of men who trampled upon every one of its old-time principles, by men who denied the Democratic faith in the individual and proclaimed their adherence to the essential tenets of communism, and whose first assault was upon the public credit and upon the country's honor.

The first expression of the captors of Democracy was Bryanism, with its utterly foolish and undemocratic proposition that the country should Mexicanize its coinage and its currency. The new movement appealed to the lowest elements of the Democratic party. Bryan and the silver question were thought to be "vote-getters," simply and solely because they appeared to appeal to the discontented elements of society, of whom there were vast numbers in 1896—men out of employment, small and unprosperous tradesmen, the bankrupted victims of the panic of 1893, the farmers who were suffering from the droughts, and the infinitely greater number of wheat-growers and cotton-planters who were pinched by the currency famine, and actually injured by the lack of banking facilities in the remote agricultural regions of the Northwest and the Southwest. The mob went whooping after Bryan and the other demagogues, and the old Democratic party went down under the flood of populism, grangerism, soft-moneyism — socialism. The Ocala platform triumphed, and the Republican party had the misfortune to be deprived of an intelligent opposition. It is true that intelligence and honesty had long ceased to rule in the Democratic party, but it is also true that intelligence and character both existed among its leaders, until the National Convention of 1896 drove out both.

Then these men, whose pictures are here contrasted with those of Bryan and his associates, went deliberately out of politics, renounced their careers, went into private life, and took up its burdens for conscience' sake. Not only their old places know them no more; not only are they not in the councils of their party; not only are they entirely without party, and suffer the chagrin of seeing the old name of their party designating men who do not believe in any of its essential principles—but the Republican party is deprived of the advantages of their opposition, and the country is denied their services. These men represent many others, who, under existing political conditions, have no more place in the politics of this country than they have in the politics of Great Britain. Almost the only men of the Democratic party who have been trained to tasks of statesmanship, and who are fitted for the performance of public duties, have been driven forth by a horde of people most of whom have no convictions, or whose convictions are of that dangerous sort which are brought into existence by the fermentation of disordered emotions, which make those possessed by them dangerous enemies of society and of its orderly evolution. The corrupt, the half-informed, the wholly ignorant—the man who is in politics for a change and the man who is in politics for plunder—these are the men who have exiled, not only from their party, but from the public affairs of their country, the cream of the Democratic party.

A faithful study of the contrasting portraits will point our moral.

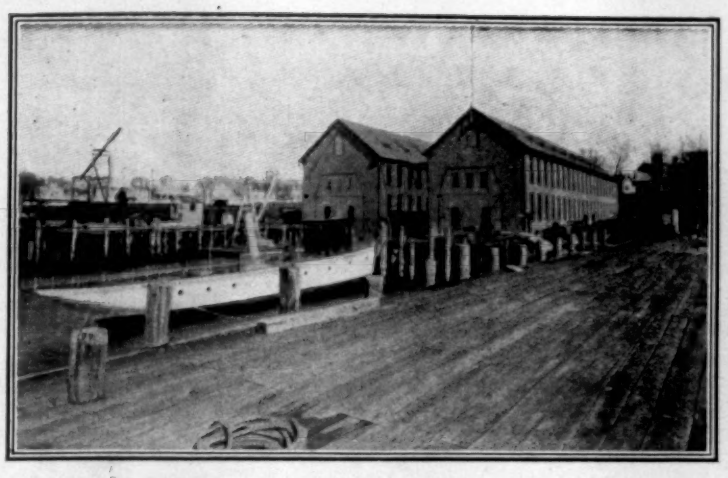
H. L. N.

THE BRONZE BADGER PRESENTED TO THE BATTLE-SHIP "WISCONSIN" BY THE PEOPLE OF WISCONSIN.

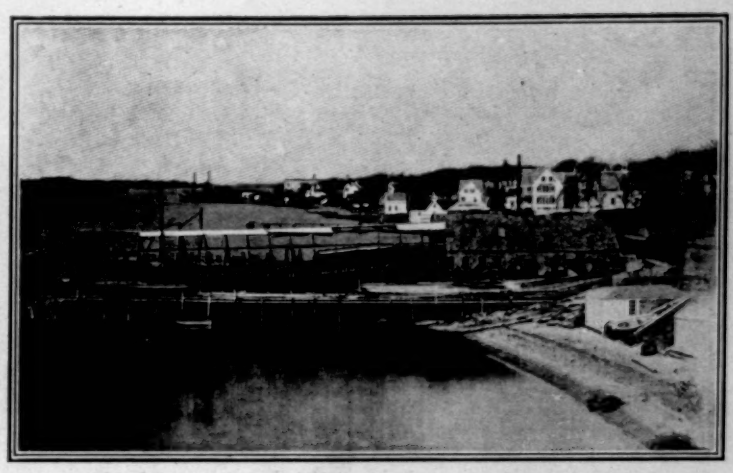
The "Wisconsin's" Badger

THE badger being the emblem of the State of Wisconsin, the people of that commonwealth, or a certain number of them, have decided that it will be proper to adorn the new battleship *Wisconsin*, now in the course of construction, with a bronze figure of the little animal, which is lucky enough to be taken up in a friendly spirit and to be made much of, even though this appreciation is not unmixed with humor. With this object in view, the *Wisconsin* battleship committee employed Paul Kupper, a German artist of Milwaukee, to make an image, and the work has just been completed at Grand Crossing, Chicago, where the model was cast in bronze. The figure, which is four feet long, rests on a shield, which is a copy of the escutcheon of the State of Wisconsin. The metal used in casting the figure was obtained from Spanish guns captured at Santiago.

Paul Kupper studied under Professor Fritz Schaper. He obtained the first prize at the Berlin Academy of Art, and an additional prize while under the instruction of Professor Albert Wolff. In 1887 he came to America, and among the works executed by him since that time may be mentioned a memorial in honor of Sir John MacDonald, over twenty-five figures for the various buildings of the Chicago World's Fair, the figures of two lions adorning the bridge in Lake Park, Milwaukee, and a statue of Admiral Dewey, shown last autumn at the Milwaukee Exposition.



THE HERRESHOFF SHOPS, FROM THE WHARF.



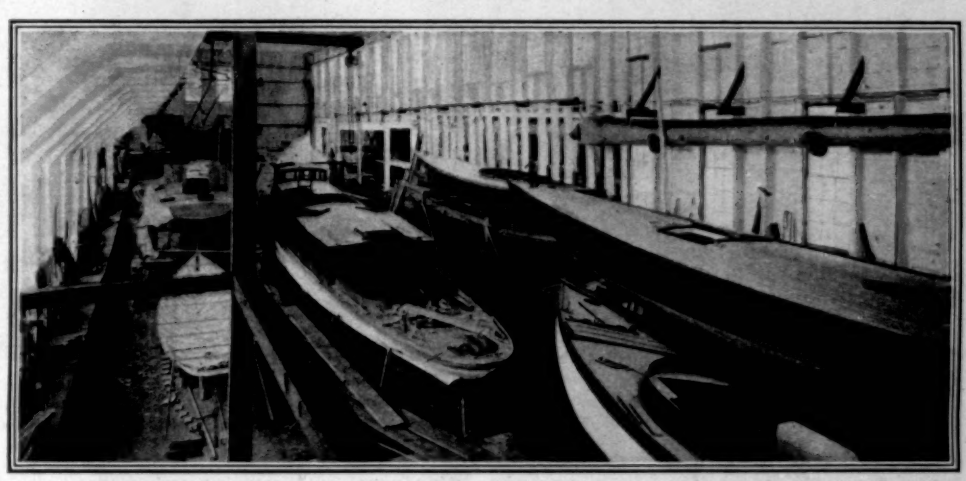
THE OLD SHOP OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO.

Herreshoffs of Bristol

THE famé of the *Defender* and *Columbia* has fallen, curiously enough, upon an entire family. A few yachtsmen and the people of Bristol know the Herreshoffs man from man; the numerous inlander knows only "the Herreshoffs," a dim aggregation of genius that designs and builds extraordinary sailing-craft. The Herreshoffs have been variously set down as father and son, as brothers, as cousins, and, indeed, as a corporation trading under the mark of an inherited name. In a measure this mystery has been fostered by the Herreshoffs themselves. During all the years that they have lived in Bristol they have surrounded themselves with a wall of reserve as impenetrable as the dingy red fence which encloses the cradle-place of the *Columbia*. Indeed, they are almost as shy among their neighbors in Bristol as they are toward the casual visitor; and yet a family cannot live in a town—and a New England town at that—for a hundred years without revealing pretty clearly its incomings and its outgoings.

There are nine of the Herreshoffs, seven brothers and two sisters, now nearly all men and women well along in years. Four of them are blind—a curious malady which has attacked this family of genius without seemingly impairing its power of achievement. Only two of the brothers are connected with the yacht-building establishment. John B. Herreshoff, the president of the company, though blind from his boyhood, has built up and managed the business which has made the name famous—even concerning himself with the intimate details of construction and finance. Captain "Nat"—Nathaniel Green Herreshoff—is the other member of the company; it is he who designed the *Gloriana*, the *Vamoose*, the *Defender*, each of which, by its revolutionary boldness of construction, marked an epoch in the history of the racing-craft. It is he, also, who watched the building of the cup-defenders, one after another, and afterwards helped sail them to victory. These two men have built their business and made a name in a single generation—they did not inherit their reputation.

In Bristol, Herreshoff has become a good Yankee name. There, and only there, it is pronounced correctly—Herres-hoff—not Herre-shoff, as the outsider, even the near outsider of Providence, invariably speaks it. The family, indeed, is Yankee in everything but name. The original Herreshoff was a Prussian of a prominent family of Dessau, who came to Providence at a day when the flags of every great nation could be seen in Narragansett Bay. According to the old account, he was a man of much vigor and daring, by profession a scientific engineer. He married a daughter of John Brown, of Providence, the sturdy old Yankee who provided the boats that sailed down one day in 1772 and burned the British ship *Gaspee* where she lay aground. He belonged to the family which has given its name to Brown University, and his daughter brought to the Herreshoffs their love for the sea. The grandfather of the present Herreshoffs came down and settled among the trees on Popasquast Point, opposite Bristol. Here Charles Frederick Herreshoff, the father of all the Herreshoffs, was born in 1809. At twelve years of age he built himself a sail-boat and learned to sail it, and all his life long he lived near the water or upon it. He is remembered in Bristol as a fine, attractive old gentleman. His wife, the mother of the present generation of Herreshoffs, who came out last June to see her sons' latest craft, the *Columbia*, as she lay on her ways, was a descendant of the famous Lewises of Boston, sea merchants and sailors. The elder Herreshoff built a home in the town of Bristol—a substantial house, with a wide veranda, standing among the trees not more than thirty yards from high tide. Here his wife and his two daughters, Miss Sallie Herreshoff, who is blind, and Mrs. C. L. Cheseborough, still live.

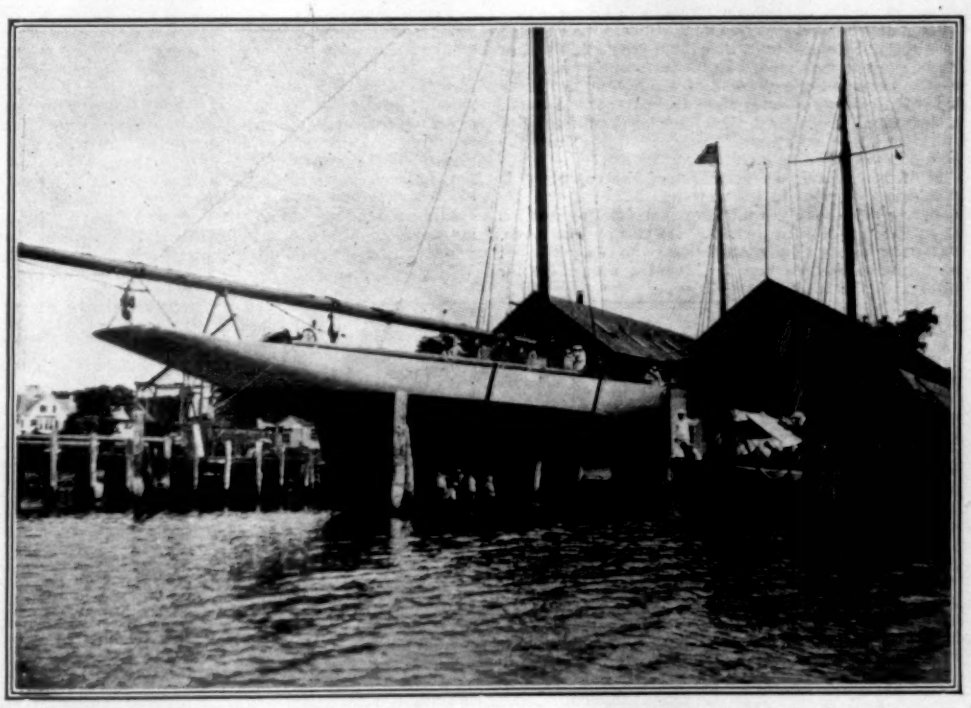


INTERIOR OF THE NORTH SHOP.

The sons came rightfully by their love for the sea. They built boats and sailed them before they were well out of knickerbockers. As early as 1877 Captain "Nat" built a new kind of catamaran, with an odd joint which permitted the sections to work independently of one another, and he beat all comers with her. It is recorded that he once sailed her twenty-one miles an hour over a measured course. At another time he met the Sound steamer at Newport, and beat her into Providence. He is described by a citizen of Bristol as having been a tall, serious, silent youth, who preferred a sail alone in his cat-yawl over any kind of company. He was graduated from the Boston School of Technology, and then he served a thorough apprenticeship in the Corliss Engine Works, afterwards travelling extensively among the shops and ship-yards of Europe.

Curiously enough, "Captain Nat"—or "Nat," as he is called in Bristol—began his active career as a builder of steam-vessels, influenced, no doubt, by his thorough machine-shop training. One of the earliest of his notable successes was the little *Vamoose*, said to be the fastest steam-yacht in the world. He also constructed a torpedo-boat for the torpedo-school at Newport. It was only sixty feet long, but it made a record of twenty miles an hour, winning for itself the name *Lightning*. Later he built the well-known *Now Then, Say When, One Hundred*, the government torpedo-boats *Cushing* (with a trial-record of more than twenty-three knots), the *Stiletto*, and others. So unusual was his achievement in constructing high-speed engines that the government interested itself in his work to the extent of sending a number of expert engineers to Bristol—Chief-Engineer Benjamin F. Isherwood in charge—to experiment in the Herreshoff shops.

Although the swift-sailing steam-vessel was his first love, Captain Nat soon began the construction of sailing-craft. One of the earliest of these vessels was the *Shadow*, a famous prize-winner. In 1890 he built the *Pelican*, 26-footer, modelled after the familiar cat-yawl of Narragansett Bay. It was a remarkably stiff and rapid sailer, but it only hinted at the developments which came a little later in the *Gloriana*. The *Gloriana* was a 46-footer, centre-board construction. In designing her hull Captain Nat cut away her underbody to a remarkable degree, giving her a raking stem and overhanging stern. It was a daring departure—bolder even than the famous Burgess had conceived—but when her great sails were up she fairly swept the sea, and she could run closer into the wind than any sailing-craft ever before constructed. She was entered in eight races, and she won eight races. With Captain Nat at her helm, she beat the British boat *Oweene* by more than a minute, and she left the *Beatrix* by five minutes. After the *Gloriana* came the odd bulb-fin boat the *Dilemma*, then the *Wasp*, and then the *Navahoe*—a boat a year for three years. The last-named yacht was built to race in England for the Royal Victoria Cup, but she was not as successful as her designers and owners had hoped, although she took three first prizes and brought home the Brenton Reef Cup. But the fame of the Herreshoffs had been made, and, after the death of Burgess, Captain Nat at once rose to the foremost position among American yacht-designers. Four yachts were built to meet the *Valkyrie*. The Herreshoffs built the *Vigilant* and the *Colonia*, and raced them against the *Pilgrim* and the *Jubilee*, with such success that the *Vigilant* was chosen for defending the *America* cup, with the *Colonia* as alternate. Then



"COLUMBIA" ON MARINE RAILWAY AT BRISTOL.

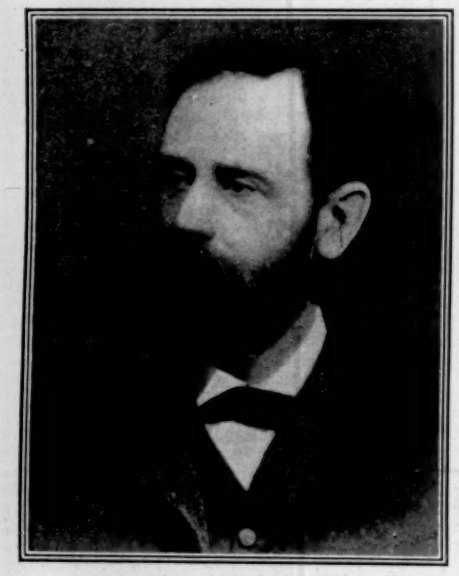
First Officer Allen. Captain Barr.

THE CREW OF "COLUMBIA," DEFENDER OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.

came the *Defender* and the *Columbia*, the stories of both of which are new. It is significant that the *Vigilant*, after her famous record as a racing-yacht, won distinction hardly less notable as an ocean-going vessel. She was purchased by George J. Gould, and made a record trip of 14 days, 7 hours, and 50 minutes across the Atlantic.

And that, in brief, is the story of the rise of the Herreshoffs.

Personally, Captain Nat is tall and stooping and gray. He says little and thinks much. Even during the excite-



CAPTAIN "NAT" HERRESHOFF.

ment of a great race he sits as calmly at the helm as he would in an office chair, peering out under the boom, often through blue spectacles, and watching every spar and halyard with the eye of a past master in his craft. He is a prodigiously hard worker, of the scientific turn of mind which knows no rest from its labors. He has no recreation beyond sailing, and that, in a measure, is a part of the serious business of his life. To him, more perhaps than to any other builder, is due the credit for the new methods of scientific yacht-building. In the older days the designer whittled his model from a block of wood, cutting here and cutting there, until its curves suited the pleasure of his eye. Such methods produced substantial and worthy vessels for the slow-going service of the merchant marine, but it required the scientific insight and the mathematical accuracy of a Herreshoff to produce a racing-machine such as the *Defender* or the *Columbia*. Captain Nat has built his home even nearer to the sea than did his father. High tide in the harbor reaches within fifteen yards of his front doorway. It is a big, roomy, yellow house, with the models of yachts showing in its upper windows.

The people of Bristol say that this home is intensely characteristic of the man who occupies it, inasmuch as it seems to turn its back to the village, and to cut itself off even further with a high hedge of evergreen. But those who know Captain Nat best know that it is not so much a turning away from the town as it is a turning to the sea. From his front door he can look across the beautiful harbor of Bristol; he can see, scarcely a hundred yards away, the big twin sheds which have been the cradle of so many famous yachts, and further to the right he can see the old homestead which his father built and in which he grew to manhood. He has a family of six children—five boys and one girl—all of whom take to the sea with hardly less enthusiasm than their father. Indeed, Mrs. Herreshoff comes from the ancient Bristol family of De Wolfs, of whom Captain "Jim" De Wolf built the famous privateer *Yankee* in 1812.

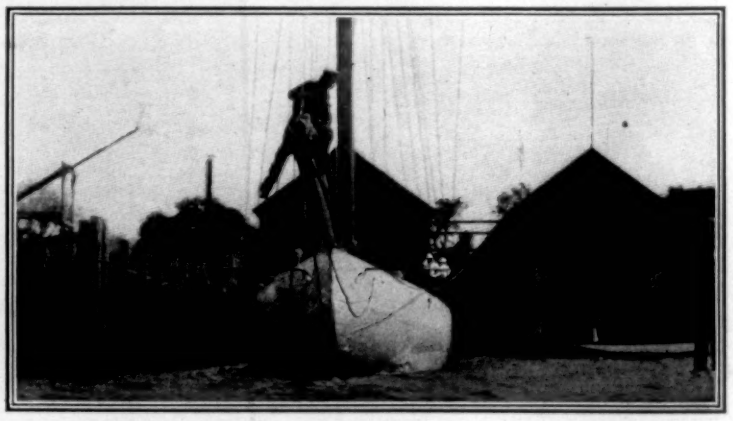
John B. Herreshoff, the president of the company, is hardly less of a genius in his way than his brother. He was born in 1841—five years before Nat—and he lost his sight at the age of fifteen years. He was an ingenious, venturesome boy, with an ambition to go to sea. The old men of Bristol still tell how he invented a machine for churning all the milk on the farm of his father, who was then living on Prudence Island, in Narragansett Bay. There is also in existence a curious little cart of his invention, propelled by means of a weight and springs. It carried one person, and was operated by means of two handles, which worked back and forth—a hint of the later-day automobile. John B. is a tall, heavily built man, gray of hair and beard and gruff of voice. He wears the impassive face of the blind, and yet he manages the extensive business of the ship-building concern in a manner which is hardly short of genius. He comes and goes in his office as fearlessly almost as if he saw. Outside, a friend usually walks with him. Once, while I waited for an audience with him, a workman came in from the shops. As soon as the door was closed, the blind Herreshoff spoke up sharply:

"Well, Smith, is that boiler riveted?" And then he went on to discuss the details of the building of a vessel's engine.

He had distinguished the identity of his visitor by footsteps, and he apparently was as conversant with this intricate work of the shops as he was with the bank accounts of his company, the balances of which he is said to remember with astonishing accuracy. Indeed, lack of sight has seemed to develop his other faculties in an unusual degree. And many stories are told of the manner in which he will work out the problems connected with the business by mental computation.

If the Herreshoffs are cut off from outside associations by their natural reserve, they cling together as a family in a remarkable degree. Besides the two famous Herreshoffs, another brother, Lewis, who has been blind nearly all his life, has written for the reviews with some success; Julian is a blind musician of repute and a teacher of languages in Providence; James B. Herreshoff, the oldest member of the family, and J. B. F. Herreshoff are both expert experimental chemists, one living in Brooklyn and the other in California. Charles F. Herreshoff, Jr., occupies the old homestead on the green hill-sides across the harbor in the town of Bristol. Albert S. Cheseborough, of Bristol, a nephew of the Herreshoff brothers, is now obtaining some reputation as a designer. He has planned a number of torpedo-boats for the Maryland Steel Company, and he designed the *Hildegarde* for George Walker Wells.

RAY STANNARD BAKER.



"COLUMBIA" IN THE HANDS OF THE RIGGERS.

AMATEUR SPORT

Correspondence is invited on all subjects pertaining to Sport, and the readers of this Department should promptly send in their names and addresses on postal cards, in order that they may receive advance notices of books on Sport, Adventure, and Travel in course of publication by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. C. W.

"COLUMBIA" created no surprise by winning the less costly, if more artistic, of the two Astor cups; it was quite on the cards she would do so, especially as tradition, handed down from Goelet Cup days, argued for the lightest of weather for this racing off Newport at the close of the New York Yacht Club cruise.

Lighter weather than that which prevailed off Newport on the 15th has been seen, but never a craft beheld which could make such headway as *Columbia* on so little air. The more we see of the cup-defender, the more the conviction grows that in light air and a smooth sea she is simply a marvel. Nothing has ever been floated in this country to compare with her, and should this kind of weather happen upon the race days in October, I venture the opinion that *Shamrock* will be completely distanced. Nor is there any intention of belittling *Shamrock's* capabilities, which are sufficient of themselves to command respect for the challenger.

After the fluky and baffling weather that made a majority of the runs on the New York Yacht Club cruise unsatisfactory, it was particularly pleasing to have a day of fair conditions for the Astor Cup events. The sea was smooth and the air light, and although periods came when the air lightened and anon freshened, yet there were no flukes. Both *Columbia* and *Defender* steered over about the same course in rounding the marks, and, fortunately, neither profited by a shift of wind to the other's loss. Whatever changes happened during the racing affected one boat as much as the other, and *Columbia* covered the thirty-eight miles 13 min. 7 sec. quicker than *Defender*.

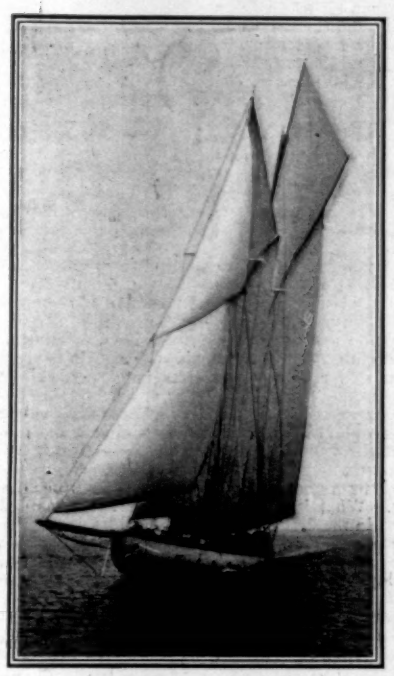
"GENESEE,"
American Challenger for the International Interlake Cup.

Defender and *Columbia* had the sloop-race entirely to themselves, which was a pity, for *Vigilant*, *Queen Mab*, and *Navahoe* have all shown form this season good enough, plus their time allowance, to make fairly even racing. And it is a mistake to permit interest in the performances of the old sloops to lag. Really they are the mainstays of large-sloop racing, for these cup-defenders are finely wrought and expensive specialists that do very little, indeed, for the general sport.

The schooner class provided more gratifying evidence of sportsmanship and more entertainment; it was too bad *Latona* did not enter, simply because "her owner thought she had no chance of winning," but enough remained to make four starters.

Defender, through clever work of her skipper and *Columbia's* tendency to hunt out excursion-boats, got 3 min. 29 sec. the better of the start, and, in fact, crossed the line within twenty seconds after the signal-gun had been fired. The first leg of the course was thirteen and a half miles, and for the most part a run, after about twenty minutes of sailing. When the boats had broken out their spinnakers they were off Narragansett Pier, toward which they had headed to get advantage of the tide and the better of the wind, that was not blowing over six knots an hour. They had not been sailing long before *Columbia's* greater speed was perfectly apparent to even land-lubberly spectators; off Point Judith she had reduced by half *Defender's* lead, and her larger spinnaker was pulling her up rapidly. At the whistling-buoy, off Judith, seven miles from the starting-point, *Columbia* was only 1 min. 10 sec. behind; twenty-five minutes later her bowsprit lapped the taffrail of *Defender*. Gradually *Columbia* gained, until the two were bow and bow, and then within six and a half minutes the new defender had sailed clear by her entire length and was the leading boat.

In a word, *Columbia*, within one hour and twenty-one minutes of sailing, had made up the 3 min. 29 sec. *Defender* gained at the start.



"AMORITA,"
Winner of the Astor Schooner Cup.

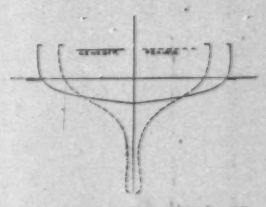
FROM this point to the finish-line the race was one of interest always, but of increasing distance between the two yachts, which told of *Columbia's* undoubted superiority. At the first turning-mark, thirteen and a half miles from the start, *Columbia* was leading by 6 min. 51 sec., and had sailed the distance in 1 h. 52 m. 16 s., *Defender* requiring 2 min. 15 sec. longer.

'Twas an eighteen-mile beat to the second mark, and the wind had freshened a bit until it was a fair sailing breeze. *Defender* was performing with her usual excellence, and her sails set better than *Columbia's*, but the peerless new boat continued steadily to gain, and by the time the second mark had been rounded had increased her lead by 3 min. 5 sec.

Spinnakers were tried at the beginning of the last leg, but the shifting wind had made it rather an easy reach than a run, and so balloon jib-topsails replaced the larger canvas. *Columbia* kept up her winning gait, and covered the six and one-half miles of this leg in 38 min. 51 sec., while *Defender* took 42 min. 47 sec., showing a gain for the former of 3 min. 56 sec., though it must be admitted that *Defender's* wind flattened out just before she reached the finish-line; otherwise the difference would not have been so great.

ON the next day the two sloops met again in a twenty-one-mile race for the "wind-up" cups offered by Commodore Morgan. Unfortunately the weatherly conditions were not so even as they had been the preceding day, as may be judged by the statement that *Columbia* finished the first leg of seven miles in 39 min., but consumed 1 h. 37 m. sailing the last seven miles.

Quite the feature of the race was the sensational start, in which *Columbia's* skipper experienced the novelty of getting the better of *Defender* in position at the line, and the two boats crossed almost beam and beam, with *Columbia* timed two seconds earlier. But they did not remain in that relation long. *Columbia* was again suited by the extremely light air, and began immediately to work to the front, so that in about five minutes she had gained a full length. *Defender* pointed high, and was moving well; she luffed out across *Columbia's* water, seeking the windward position, but, having secured it, she was no better off.



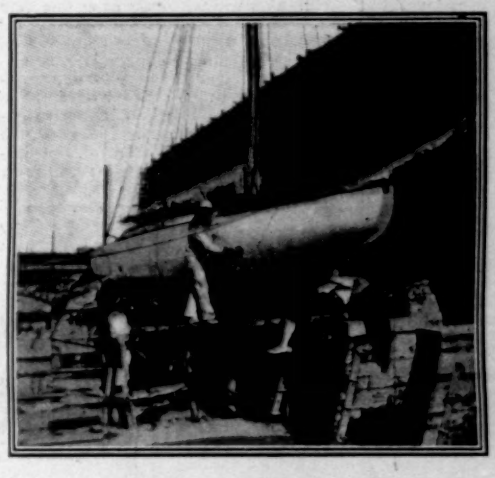
COMPARATIVE LINES OF "GENESEE" AND "PRAIRIE."

Columbia continued to gain, and in the seven-mile reach to the mark she beat *Defender* 4 min. 3 sec.; the next leg was seven miles to windward, with the wind growing very light, and *Columbia* led by 5 min. 42 sec. at the second mark. On the run home the air died almost away, freshening up towards the end, much to *Defender's* advantage, but *Columbia* crossed the line a winner by 8 min. 52 sec.

Taking these races and the performances on the fluky days of the New York Yacht Club cruise into consideration, there seems no doubt that *Columbia's* possibilities under such are unlimited, and that she is a good ten minutes faster than *Defender* every time in thirty miles.

Further racing between the two will be suspended now until the final and official trials in September. Other than giving *Columbia* further tuning and her crew additional and needed drilling—for they are not yet smart enough by a long way—these September trials will serve no purpose, for enough has been seen of the new boat to insure her selection as the *America's* Cup defender. Under these circumstances it is more likely that the coming trials will be held off Newport, nearer to deep water and Bristol, than off New York Harbor, as was originally intended.

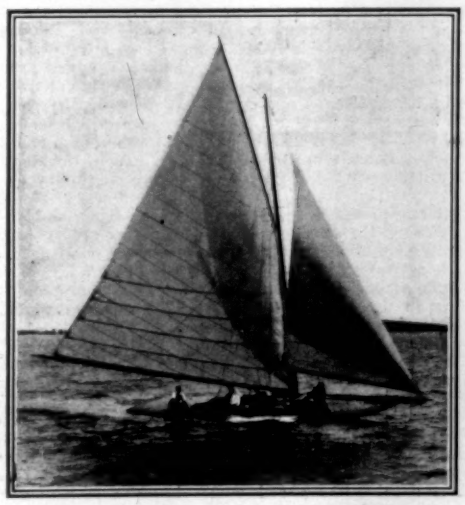
AMONG the larger classes, the schooners have provided the most exciting racing of the season, and it was therefore fitting that the Astor Cup event should provide such a close struggle between *Amorita* and *Colonia;* it was sportsmanly of *Ariel* to start; unfortunately the same spirit did not obtain on *Latona*.



"GENESEE" IN DRY DOCK.

Amorita and *Quisetta* have had many races this season, and honors were about evenly divided up to those off Newport. Each had won about the same number of times in regattas and on the runs from port to port during the New York Yacht Club cruise, so the Astor Cup race was regarded as a decisive one between these two speedy schooners.

But *Quisetta* never during the thirty-eight miles even threatened *Amorita's* lead, and the real excitement was furnished by the race between *Amorita* and *Colonia*, boat for boat. *Quisetta* seemed to be somewhat unhappy in her wind-seeking explorations, and she appeared to drop behind on nearly every one of her tacks in the early part of the race. Later she was outsailed, and at all times outgeneralled. *Amorita*, in point of fact, was handled with consummate skill from start to finish, and fully deserved the honors she acquired.



"HOSTESS,"
Winner Quincy Challenge Cup for 21-Footers.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN,
When 12 feet (about) from the Take-off in his Jump of 24 ft. 2 3-8 in.

Colonia started four minutes later than *Amorita*, but, although well-handled, she could not catch the smaller schooner, which maintained her lead throughout, and finished first by 8 sec.; on corrected time *Amorita* beat *Colonia* some 13 min., but there was infinitely more satisfaction in sailing within four minutes as fast, boat for boat, over the thirty-eight miles.

Amorita secured another victory over *Quisetta* the next day, defeating her in the "wind-up" cup races by over 4 min., corrected time. *Syce* also again demonstrated her class superiority, by beating *Kestrel* 6 min., while the old *Gloriana* sustained a consistent reputation by beating *Sayonara*. *Queen Mab*, though having no rival—*Hildegarde* not finishing—sailed a workmanlike course, in the workmanlike form characteristic of this fine sloop.

Thus closed the '99 cruise of the New York Yacht Club, emphasizing the lesson that every cruise and regatta teaches—the need in American yachting of completing insufficiently filled classes.

FROM a strictly sport-giving view-point, the success of the season has been achieved by the small boats. Not before has such interest attached to their performances, nor so many entries been forth-coming for the various regattas organized especially for these classes.

There can be no doubt that round about New York the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club gave a fillip to small boats, a few years ago, by creating an international trophy for half-raters, and following it up by the floating of a one-design class fully membered. Although it has never put forth a one-design class or given small-boat racing such practical aid as the Seawanhaka, the Larchmont Yacht Club has yet done much in sustaining interest in these classes through invariable and plentiful recognition on all club regattas.

These and other influences at work, notably the organization of clubs devoted to the smaller classes, have developed such prosperity as to be most gratifying to sportsmen, and to give assurance of a future full class of Corinthian sailor-men. Apart from the rare good sport to be had in sailing these boats, their value as yachting nurseries is too important to be overlooked by yacht clubs.

The weak feature of the New York Yacht Club has always been its disregard of this element, though latterly it has ventured to make partial amends, howbeit too late to redound to the club so advantageously as at one time would have resulted.

YACHTSMEN are only beginning to appreciate the elementary value of the small boats to a yacht-racing education; the defeat of *Vencedor* by *Canada* for the international interlake championship, and several masterful exhibitions by G. H. Duggan in handling the Canadian challengers for, and subsequently defenders of, the Seawanhaka trophy, have provided practical illustration of our need of more clever amateur sailor-men.

And there is no doubt we are developing them.

Boston and the Massachusetts coast generally have always given much attention to the small boat, and as a result own a large and finely modelled class that perhaps cannot be duplicated elsewhere. There is nothing more famous in a yachting way, or that furnishes better sport, than the Knockabout, for long the only small racer in Boston harbor. Within a few years one-design and freak classes have sprung up, with speed as the sole motive,—and some exceedingly fast ones have been built.

I often wonder why there is no annual race in small boats between representatives of New England and of New York; it would provide quite as much sport as one with Canadian clubs, and no doubt result more satisfactorily as to arrangements, conduct, etc.

Why not annual regattas for small boats around New York and Boston, and the two winners to meet subsequently?

Two of the most successful small boats this season have been *Hostess* and *O Shima San*. The latter is 36 ft., a bit longer than the average so-called small racer, but an excellent size, none the less, while the former is a 21-footer. *O Shima San*, from her first appearance, has raced with notable and, I believe, invariable success; *Hostess* this year has not only won the Quincy Challenge Cup, which is the 21-footer blue ribbon of New England, but has added several others to her list of successes, among them the Crowhurst Cup.

The Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club at Larchmont, New York, is doing a great deal for the small boat, and if our other yacht clubs are wise in their generation, they will follow its example.

INTERNATIONAL yacht-races are plentiful this year, and none will be more truly representative than the series for the *Canada's* Cup, which began this week (Tuesday) off Toronto, between *Genesee*, challenger, and the defender, *Beaver*, a fin keel 30 ft. l. w. l., 42 ft. over all, beam 9 ft., draught 6 ft., with sail spread of 1400 sq. ft. This cup was originally offered by a group of Chicago yachtsmen in 1896 for a trophy of the interlake championship between American and Canadian yachtsmen. The Chicago yachtsmen had a fin keel that year, designed by a former employé of the Herreshoffs, which was heralded as a wonder, but proved to be a decided disappointment. In consequence of being much over the prescribed lines, she had to be undercanvassed, as well as bear the additional burden of double time allowance; she was poorly handled, and beaten easily.

This year the Chicago Yacht Club opened the trial races for selection of a challenger, and six boats were built to contest for the honor; but three only—*Genesee*, *Prairie*, and *Josephine*—figured in the racing on Lake Michigan, and *Genesee* showed such marked superiority in three straight wins as to leave no choice to the Committee.

Genesee is a broad, shoal-draught, centreboard, 27 ft. l.w.l. and 45 ft. over all, 11 ft. 6 in. beam, draws only 18 inches, and carries about 1500 square feet of canvas. She has no keel or outside ballast whatever, and gets her stability and sail-carrying power from her flat hull and the two tons of pig-lead stowed between the frames under her cabin floor. When heeled over in a good breeze she sails on her lee side, with her entire windward side lifted out, and her length on the water increased to 41 ft., with beam decreased to about 6 ft.

Therefore the more she heels, the faster she goes. She was designed and built by C. C. Hanley at Quincy, Massachusetts, for the Rochester Yacht Club, and will be sailed by Captain C. G. Davis. *Prairie* and *Josephine* are of about the same length as *Genesee*, but both are keel boats of 9 ft. and 10 ft. 6 in. beam, respectively, the former drawing 7 ft. and the latter 6 ft. 2 in. This increases their displacement to six tons in *Prairie* and seven tons in *Josephine*, while that of *Genesee* is only four.

Those who have watched her work proclaim her to be the fastest centreboard of her size that has yet been floated in this country. She has an expert skipper and a thoroughly drilled crew, and hope is high that the *Canada's* Cup will come back to the United States at the end of this week.

POLO tournaments have been furnishing some practical illustrations, in the last two years or so, that it will be wise for the National Association to profit by. Last year for the championship there were only two entries, although the Association is composed of about twenty clubs, if my memory serves me fairly, and fully half of these can easily maintain teams. This year the ranks of two clubs of long polo standing are pillaged to give a winning team to a third club, which has no existence save in name.

Polo, so far as the first class is concerned, has been drifting along from year to year, swayed by about a dozen star players, as though the very salvation of the game depended upon their prejudices and whims. And, in point of fact, the game of the first class does; that is precisely the point which should command the earnest consideration of the Association officially, and of all the clubs severally. What is to be done to increase the number of players in the first class? What is to be done to halt the migratory player?

Obviously the first step is to develop and encourage club loyalty, which will naturally lead to more strictly club teams, and the second is the promulgation of rules that will result in men representing the clubs to which they really belong, either by residence or through permanent affiliation. This year we have seen men elected to membership overnight so they might represent that club team on the morrow. We have seen members of three different clubs playing on the team of another, with which none of the three had more than temporary common interest. It is hardly necessary to tell a student of sport that this sort of thing is killing to any game dependent upon team-work and the constant development of material.

EVERY man who has had any experience in college sport knows that one of the prime essentials to success is the maintenance of club loyalty, and through it the progressive development of home-bred first-class men. The migratory star player, during the days he was permitted to roam, was the bane of university sport, and the undoing of many a college football eleven. What was true of football will in a measure be also true of polo.

There may come occasions, like the Point Judith tournament, for instance, when the game at large is benefited by organizing various teams from among the members of as many different clubs, for play in that particular tournament. I make no criticism on that departure from the usual course; indeed, I believe it of much service to the game, and certainly productive of good sport.

The custom I condemn is that which wrecks the first-class chances of one or more clubs in order that four men may constitute themselves a winning team. To be even more explicit, I offer the present Westchester Polo Club team as example of the extent to which the custom I deplore may be carried. This team is made up of Messrs. Keene, Cowdin, and the two Waterbury boys. Keene and Cowdin, until the last year, have always represented Rockaway; they have, in fact, been its mainstay. Since their desertion, Rockaway has no team of the first class.

The Waterbury boys learned their polo at the Westchester Country Club, near which they live; they made their début in its colors, and are aliens elsewhere. Having forsaken their home club, it, like Rockaway, has no first-class team this year.

NOW the intent of this argument is by no means to make personal criticism, for certainly these gentlemen have the right to play with what club they please, but to emphasize by timely illustration how harmful to a game is the principle of migration.

'Tis not only that the first-class teams of these clubs are disrupted for this season, but they sustain a set-back from which it may take several years to recover. First-class polo-players are not made in a year or two. And so the only benefit derived from this wreckage is to make two teams of very even quality—Meadow Brook, a *bona fide* club team, and the Newport Westchester four; whereas, with Newport left to its usual method of recruiting scratch teams, there would this year be four very fairly matched first-class club teams—Meadow Brook, Rockaway, Myopia, and Westchester Country Club. As it is, however, both Rockaway and Westchester are literally wrecked that another, and a "star team," may be exploited.

No doubt the migratory spirit is stirred by the wish to be one of a winning team—certainly a perfectly natural desire, but one that makes for personal glory more than the permanent prosperity of a game.

THE best luck that has fallen upon polo this year is the offering of a Junior Cup by W. A. Hazard, and one of the very happiest signs of the season has been the development of junior teams. There was some very promising play by the youngsters at Rockaway early in the season, and at several of the clubs regular work is being done in this direction.

There can be no doubt that encouragement along this line will do much toward relieving the game of the future of those embarrassments that are now dragging upon its life. But the desired end is not to be accomplished by Mr. Hazard's cup alone; it is necessary for the clubs individually to make an effort in this direction. There is too much indifference exhibited by the polo-club members. They appear to think the Association will provide a panacea for all ills regularly with its annual meeting. They are prone to leave all work to "the other fellow."

If polo is going to have a healthful growth, all the clubs and the individuals thereof must needs put their shoulders to the wheel. Great talk is indulged in every year of the progress the game has made here in the East, but in point of fact the actual all-round advance in the last six to eight years has been nothing like what is commonly cited.

Some increase in number of second-class players is apparent, but the first class is not so numerous, and there are not so many club teams of the best class.

SECOND teams have undoubtedly made the success of the current season, and in this direction at least there is ample and pleasing occasion for complimentary review. First in record of successes is Dedham, although comparative estimate is hardly fair to the others, since Dedham's very excellent first team was practically its second team also, the change rarely being for more than a single player. Of the remainder—Devon's work was especially noteworthy, and Meadow Brook showed some rather promising material, as did also Philadelphia Country Club.

Philadelphia, indeed, shows greater all-round improvement in the game than any other section. And its success is the more commendable because its opportunities for practice, and therefore for improvement, were least of all the clubs. Devon's first team is well-balanced and strong, and has an exceedingly good record to its credit this year—among other successes, a victory over Myopia.

Dedham first is another of the season's successes, and a striking illustration of the merit in well-organized, careful, steady team-work before all else. It has also beaten Myopia—and we are now looking forward to the meeting in the coming tournament of Dedham and Devon.

Of Meadow Brook and the Westchester (Newport) teams and individual play, I will write later when space is more abundant.

J. P. PARET'S progress through the four rounds to the finals was the undoubted feature of the National lawn-tennis tournament last week at Newport. He furnished a practical illustration of how much the standard of playing skill has advanced in recent years, by defeating M. G. Chace and R. P. Huntington, who four and seven years ago ranked among the first half-dozen players in America. And Paret won out not because he performed brilliantly or exhibited a high-class game, but because he played a thoroughly good game, played it all the time, and was in the proper physical condition to do so. As a rule, not one in twenty Newport entries is in condition to stand the pace of a closely contested five-set match, and considering tennis takes more out of a man than any out-of-door game save football and lacrosse, the value of condition may be judged.

Chace started the match, showing his old-time strength at the net, together with some swift and accurate drives down the side lines, and well-judged lobbing when the occasion warranted it. It was one of those spurts that have always been identified with his work, and gave him the set speedily. He began the second set at the same pace, and maintained it until he had a lead of 4–1; then the steady good game of Paret began to count, first on Chace's errors and later by reason of its own aggression and earned points. Pulling out the second set, Paret forced the play and beat his opponent at his own game. Chace weakened in the last two sets, but not before Paret had fairly outplayed him (3–6, 10–8, 6–0, 6–3).

HUNTINGTON gave indications at Southampton of a return to his old form, and his work at Newport fulfilled the early-season promise. He easily won his first match from Little (who subsequently reached the Consolation finals, to be beaten by E. P. Fischer), and his defeat of Stevens left no doubt of his form. This was a particularly interesting match, played to a consistent conclusion. Huntington stuck to the back line for a while, evidently thinking to beat Stevens at his own game; but having lost two sets, he changed his tactics, varying his strong, long, bounding ground strokes with excellent network, and thereby winning out (2–6, 3–6, 6–3, 6–3, 6–1).

Huntington found in Paret, however, an opponent who could get to the net oftener and remain longer than he, and whose ground strokes, while not so easily executed nor so brilliant on occasion, were yet more apt to get over the net, and less frequently sent the ball out of court. Herein, by-the-way, is one direction in which the present-day game shows great improvement over that of six to ten or more years ago—there is less driving out of court.

During four sets Huntington played a strong game, his old-time judgment of position being much in evidence, and his quick wrist strokes from the back line counting him many a point. But for all, he got to the net often—it was the old game against the new—and just as he had beaten Stevens, so Paret, with added accuracy and tireless aggression, beat him (3–6, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4, 6–0).

BUT Paret's defeat of L. E. Ware was unexpected and a startling occurrence indeed. It is true Ware had been beaten by Paret earlier in the season, but he was palpably out of condition at that time, and his play at Southampton suggested a return to his best form. His showing against Paret at Newport, however, argues him to be an overrated player, and the high quality of work he has occasionally shown to have misled us as to his real form. Certainly against Paret he gave no indication of the high-class game of which we once thought him capable; and it looks as if we must add him to the list of the very promising young players who have fallen short of expectations.

Paret put up the same steady, workmanlike game he had shown during the week, and, in a word, not only completely outpointed Ware, but played him to a standstill. It seems hardly possible a man in good condition could by three sets be so worn as Ware gave evidence of being. Paret had him running around the court like a novice, and except during the first set the result was not sufficiently in doubt to make the match exciting, Paret's straight win (7–5, 6–2, 6–4) seeming inevitable.

The finals and the championship are being decided while we are on the press; undoubtedly Davis will prove to be the challenger, and there is no greater doubt in my mind that Whitman will successfully defend his title. On these matches and the remainder of those in the All Comers tournament I will comment next week.

"SHAMROCK'S" safe arrival in the harbor of New York is gratifying news to all sportsmen, who will also perhaps welcome the impression she makes on one who has followed *Columbia* in her racing—briefly, this, *Shamrock* does not look the racer, not even so much so as *Valkyrie III.* She seems narrower of beam than *Valkyrie*, but wider of stern and fuller of bow. She looks more powerful than *Columbia*, but has shorter overhangs, and her bow seems very full for her beam. So far as I can see, she shows nothing in lines to suggest greater speed than *Columbia*, in either light or heavy weather.

L. A. W. Racing Control next Week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—By W. J. Henderson.—With Diagrams.—Cloth, 6 × 3⅝ Inches—203 Pages, $1 00

WILLIAM W. STONE.
Photograph by Fredricks.

A Hidden Benefactor

DURING forty years or more William W. Stone was engaged in "doing good by stealth," as Charles Lamb used to say, for it was his affair at the General Post Office in New York city to decipher illegible addresses and to complete those which were defective. Nothing less conspicuous could well be imagined than such an employment, carried on in the dead-letter department, and yet, in a way, Mr. Stone became famous. His death on August 15 was commented upon as a public loss.

The real interest of his quiet career may be compressed into a few sentences. In 1855, when he received his appointment as a post-office clerk, no systematic effort was made to secure the proper and prompt delivery of such mail matter, which accordingly was dealt with according to the maxim *caveat scriptor*, although many letters from illiterate persons are of the utmost importance to the sender and addressee. Of his own accord Mr. Stone began to supply insufficient directions on such envelopes as came into his hands, and after the authorities had recognized his talent to the extent of allowing him to specialize this work, he devoted himself with extraordinary patience to the task of collecting stores of information which should make each problem easier to solve. For example, he compiled a directory of street names in the cities and towns of the whole country, a work which was subsequently published by the Post Office Department. Lists of schools, hotels, boarding-houses, country homes—in brief, everything which could serve to interpret "blind" addresses—came next into his reference library; and especial attention was given to the arrangement of data which could enable him to locate working-people of the most ignorant class, immigrants, and those in whose correspondence such mistakes or omissions are likely to occur. He systematized this part of the service; countless thousands of correspondents have benefited by its increased efficiency.

Oil in Los Angeles

NOTHING more fair and beautiful can be imagined, in the way of unpretentious homes, than those of Los Angeles. There are great residence neighborhoods in various parts of the town, where the houses are large and of imposing architecture, and in their surroundings of palm and pepper and stately eucalyptus trees leave nothing to be desired; but the little houses covered with roses and moon-flowers nestle under the trees in a homelike fashion that suggests even greater comfort.

It is through just such a neighborhood as this, perched up on a high hill in Los Angeles, that an army of black oil-derricks has made an invasion.

To see a little vine-covered cottage overshadowed by a grim, ill-smelling tower of blackened beams is a most incongruous sight. Palm-trees and oil-tanks stand side by side, and the grocery-wagon and oil-wagon stop together at the door.

The gardens are full of stationary engines working the pumps, and a forge for repairing drills stands in one pretty front portico. No peaceful Roman village was ever more suddenly or ruthlessly overwhelmed by the Goths than was this quiet nest of little homes in Los Angeles in the summer of 1895.

One inquisitive citizen, who had noticed surface indications of oil, bored a hole something over a thousand feet deep on his premises. He can hardly be said to have struck oil, because the oil struck first, and blew drills, derricks, and men high in the air. Ten days later every house in the neighborhood was overshadowed by a derrick, and hastily constructed tanks were filling, in a short time, at the rate of from two hundred to four hundred barrels of oil a day from single wells. The field is rich and productive at present, and will probably advance into other parts of the city; but many of the wells now yielding will eventually run dry. Then the derricks will come down, and the roses and the date-palms will once more assume full sway. W. A. R.

Galveston Harbor

ALTHOUGH the importance of Galveston as a seaport is thoroughly well known to people in railway and shipping circles, the figures which show its remarkable growth in that particular, within a very few years, may be interesting to the general public. The efforts that have been made to increase the depth of the ship channel have been crowned with success. In 1893 the channel was but 13 feet deep; in 1897, 24 feet, and in 1899, 26 feet.

Before 1896 the total value of exports for one year never exceeded $36,000,000. That year it went up to $56,000,000, and in 1898 had reached $77,000,000.

The total tonnage of the port, foreign and coastwise, entered and cleared for each year from 1892 to 1895, was about 1,200,000. For 1897 it was 2,100,000, and for 1898, 2,400,000. In 1895 Galveston handled about 1,000,000 bales of cotton. In 1898, 1,982,618, and this year, up to May 1, over 2,000,000 bales. According to the figures given by the Galveston Chamber of Commerce, the close of the season this year will find Galveston the greatest cotton-shipping port in the world. In 1894 but $2500 worth of corn passed through Galveston. In 1895 the shipments had increased to 1,250,000 bushels, and in 1898 to 5,400,000 bushels. In 1895 no wheat went out of Galveston Harbor. In 1898 the shipments of wheat amounted to 11,200,000 bushels.

These figures are so remarkable that they lose the air of dry statistics and take on the colors of romance; but they are official, and are vouched for as correct by the Galveston Chamber of Commerce, and certainly account for the effort that is being made along the Eastern seaboard to do away with the expensive and antiquated system of cartage and lightering and excessive wharfage that is driving away shipping from the Atlantic ports. During the past year the docks at Galveston were so overcrowded that one vessel had often to be loaded over the decks of another, the commerce of the port having increased beyond the facilities for handling the goods. W. A. R.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

SUMMER FEEDING

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USE DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS to stimulate the appetite and digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

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Readers of the older generation need no reminder of "Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square," and the inimitable wit and satire with which Mr. Butler describes the inadequacies of her wardrobe. The new edition of this poem, which originally appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1857, includes "Oberammergau" and the author's later poems.

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A PRINCE OF GEORGIA

And Other Stories. By **Julian Ralph.** Illustrated. Price $1 25.

As a correspondent and magazine writer Mr. Ralph has won an international reputation, and the present volume of stories is only another proof of his versatility. Among the stories are: "When the Clouds Fell Down," "A Dandy at his Best," "The Sad Fate of a New Woman," "Mrs. Ruppert's Christmas," "My Borrowed Torpedo-Boat," and "Bruce's Mighty Weakness."

HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers, New York and London

An American Champion of England

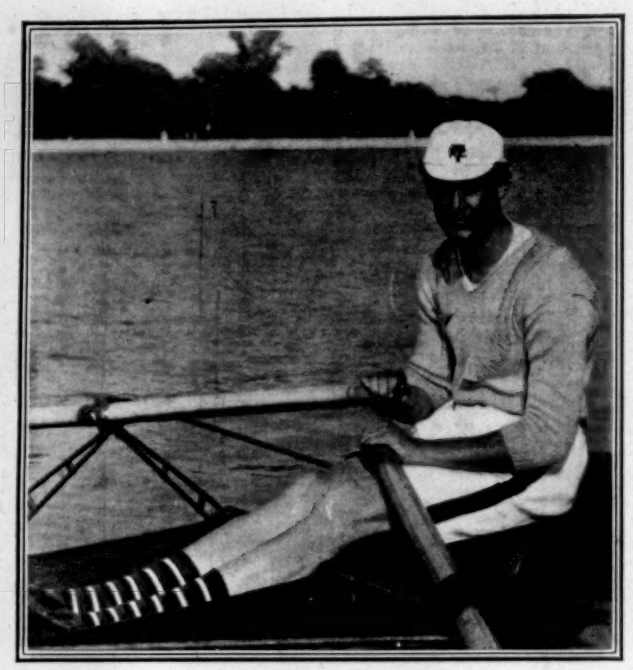
THE foremost oarsman of England, and perhaps of the world, is an American, and a true, loyal American, yet very little is heard of him in our own country, except in an occasional news despatch when he wins some big event, such as the "Diamond Sculls," or the "Wingfields."

For two years Benjamin Hunting Howell, of New York city, has been the acknowledged greatest oarsman on the Thames, and is to-day the champion of all Great Britain, having again won the "Wingfields," an open event, and the greatest of the year. For the last two years he has won the "Diamond Sculls," and he also holds the record for the course. Three years ago Howell was beaten by Ten Eyck, also an American, by half a length, in record time, and it was after this race that the very unfortunate talk arose as to the amateur standing of Ten Eyck; but none of the objections came from Howell, and at the present time his one ambition is to have another chance at his former antagonist, as he feels that he has improved greatly since the last race.

Howell has been a resident of London for the last six years, having been at Cambridge University for four years, and, since his graduation, a partner and London manager for his father's branch. He commenced rowing in England in 1894, but it was not until June, 1895, that he rowed his first race with Trinity Hall (Cambridge) crew, and won the "Head of the River." In the same year he rowed in the Cambridge crew that defeated the Cornell boat at Henley, winning the Grand Challenge Cup. In this year and the one following Howell rowed in about eight of the best college events. It was not until October, 1896, that he commenced his career as a single oarsman, and he tells of his experience in the start that he capsized three times during his first day's work. In 1896 and 1897 he rowed in the 'varsity eight, the 'varsity double sculls, and pairs; and again, in 1897, he sat in the boat that won the "Head of the River." The same year, in July, Ten Eyck pulled his boat over the line just a scant half-length ahead of Howell's, in the greatest race that has ever been seen on the river, with two Americans pulling for the supremacy of England, and with the rest of the contestants "nowhere." In October Howell was elected captain of the University Boat Club, and also rowed in the fours; and in the same month he met with one of the most remarkable accidents on record.

While rowing a practice spin on the river, and while going at full speed, he collided with another shell, also going at full speed. The sharp point of the other boat pierced his shell and struck the calf of his leg just below the knee, passed through his leg, and, coming out in front just above the ankle, there it stuck. The other oarsman could not back off, as withdrawing the point would cause Howell to bleed to death; neither could he get Howell to assist him, as the slightest movement of either would upset the frail crafts. Finally a man swam off to them with a saw, which Howell took and sawed off the point of the offending boat, leaving the piece sticking in his leg. He was then towed to shore and carried to the club-house, where a surgeon drew the piece of the boat and dressed the wound. He was only confined to his bed for three weeks, and in December was sculling again, although using a fixed seat. Now he shows the point of the boat that went through his leg as one of his rowing trophies.

Howell is twenty-four years old, and stands 6 ft. 4½ in. in his stocking feet. He has an enormous sweep, and when rowing his fastest seems to be scarcely exerting himself at all. He is slow to take the water at the start, and almost invariably is well behind during the first part of the race, but he possesses wonderful finishing power, and for this reason his races are always exciting ones to see.



BENJAMIN HUNTING HOWELL, OF NEW YORK.
Amateur Champion Single-Sculler of England.
Photograph by James F. J. Archibald.

Puerto Rico's Disaster

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE-WITNESS

CHATTING on the porch of a pleasant Puerto-Rican home at Guayama, my host drew my attention to the eastern sky—a brilliant deep blue, banded with horizontal lines of clouds pink with the rays of the setting sun. "We will have a hurricane at dawn," he remarked. I said that I slept well during storms. He smiled an inscrutable smile, saying, "We shall see," presently adding, "As you are going to the telegraph office, ask if the notice has arrived."

The San Juan Weather Bureau received the notice by cable from the island of Dominica at two o'clock, August 7, fifteen hours in advance of the hurricane. Immediate warning was sent to all ports of the island and telegraph stations in the interior. This timely notice carried into the country by couriers probably saved many lives in the eastern part of the island. Unfortunately, however, it seems to have failed to reach Ponce, Mayaguez, and the west, and there the hurricane struck a people unprepared.

In the morning something seemed to fall upon the house. It had been securely barricaded the night before, but the tremendous air-pressure, gradually increasing, seemed to search every loop-hole, and jets of air and water streamed in at every crevice.

Finally the roof "went away." After two and a half hours of bombardment, the storm drew off, and a silent ominous lull of twenty minutes followed. This lull was the passage of the storm centre. The theoretical hurricane revolves in a direction opposite to the hands of a watch, around a central vortex of low barometric pressure. At Guayama, during the lull, the barometer stood at 27.80 inches, or 2.3 inches below the normal. At the same time the anemometers of the Weather Bureau in San Juan in the periphery of the storm were recording a velocity of 85 miles an hour. This huge vortex seemed to have been deflected slightly from its northwest course by the mountain range of the island to the westward, as far as Ponce, and then broke over the range northward, struck Arecibo, and so went out to sea.

The features of the ruin were similar in country and town. First a torn roof scattered corrugated iron for hundreds of yards, and this was followed by a partial collapse and crushing down of the house structure. Good carpentry and the hard woods used in construction alone account for saving many lives at this stage of the storm.

The recurrent feature, the complete reversal of the direction of the wind, operated to complete the destruction. Add to this a slight earthquake as at Guayama, and an inundation as at Ponce and Arroyo, and throughout the country the torrential rains which invariably follow a hurricane.

The telegraph system of the island was wrecked, and all news received at San Juan came in hour by hour by couriers despatched by army commanders and mayors of cities. For two days, with exception of a dramatic cable from the Port of Ponce, that city was ominously silent. With the arrival of the mail-steamer it was first learned what had happened. The passage of the tornado tore the roofs off the great majority of the houses and crushed the smaller frame buildings of the poorer quarters. The storm lasted from six in the morning until two in the afternoon. Before the people recovered, the river inundated the city. The flood reached its height at midnight in inky darkness, sweeping through the storm wreckage, and mangling the dead and drowning beyond recognition. Flashes of lightning alone revealed the people standing in the upper portions of their houses, and gradually swept away, or, crazed, throwing their children, and then themselves, into the flood. The city was covered with a foot and a half of mud and wreckage.

But "the worst is to come." These are the words of a prominent physician practising in Ponce, who barely escaped with his life. He says: "The muck in the streets, the decaying bodies of men and cattle, the outpouring of the cesspools, the decaying fruit eagerly seized for food, will produce a terrible epidemic among the residents, and hundreds of homeless country people flocking to the city."

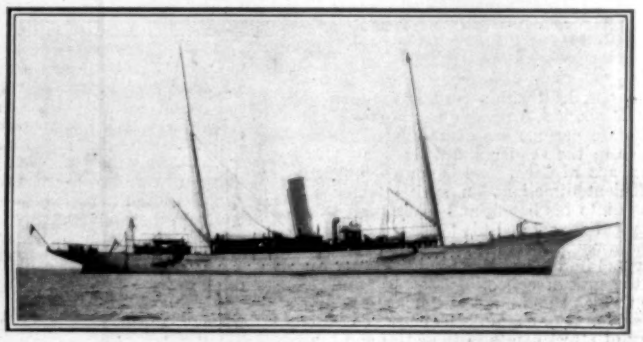
"The worst is to come" in another sense. The green hills of the day before are as brown as though swept by a forest fire. On closer examination along the military road, from Guayama to Caguas, the trees stand as if seared by lightning, with not the vestige of a leaf. The coffee-bushes beneath are stripped of their half-ripe berries. This year's crop is lost, and it is feared that before the shade trees sprout the bushes will die. Replanting will then be necessary, and coffee-planters are facing a three years' prospective loss.

But, as if this were not enough, the trade conditions of the past year, the loss of the European and Cuban markets, and the failure to gain commercial annexation to the United States operated to store up large quantities of last year's coffee, both at ports and on the plantations, and these stocks are ruined. The banana-trees, the food-plant of the people, are levelled, and must be regrown. Of sugar, the story is equally gloomy. Half of the sugar factories are destroyed, and even if the growing cane can be harvested, it cannot be milled. Nearly all of these sugar estates are mortgaged for these very factories, and the owners, after struggling with a year's adverse tariff and trade conditions, are completely ruined. As for tobacco, only the promptest measures can stop cumulative loss. The Cuban and United States markets being closed, great stocks of tobacco have collected. These stocks are damaged, but were they intact and remaining unsold, the merchants are unable to make the advances on credit to the small tobacco-farmers, as is the custom.

A prominent Puerto-Rican said, in a letter written before the hurricane, July 28:

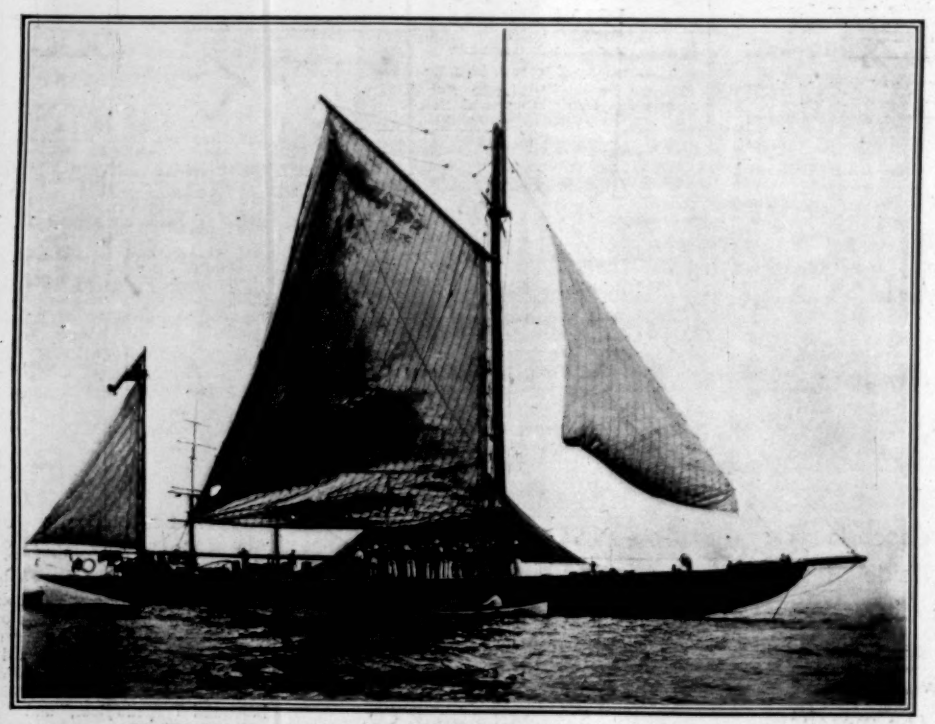
> The industrial situation in the island is the worst one ever had here. I am constantly receiving letters full of expressions of distress. Sometimes I myself feel disheartened when I contemplate such conditions. They have lasted for so long a time that any one would lose hope. Merchants are afraid that the people may any time rush to the stores and take what they have no means to buy, if such misery is not checked.

WILLIAM SCHUYLER POST.



"ERIN."

Sir Thomas Lipton's Steam-Yacht, which accompanied "Shamrock," and towed her part of the way across the ocean.—[See Page 848.]



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK" IN NEW YORK HARBOR.
The English Yacht which is to contest with "Columbia" for the "America's" Cup. At anchor drying her sails the morning of her arrival, August 18. Time in coming, 14 days, 19 hours, 38 minutes.—[See Page 848.]

Ad Astra

ATTEMPT the highest! Nobler far
To stumble, gazing at a star,
Than, by a glowworm lantern led,
To follow in another's tread.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

"A Modern History of a Modern War"

IT was over thirty years ago that "Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War" was issued to the public, and almost immediately entered upon an unprecedented success. It was such a new and attractive method of presenting history, and its value was so evidently lasting, that it was small wonder that it was appreciated, and that the history had an enormous sale. So entirely successful was the book that at the beginning of the war with Spain Harper & Brothers lost no time in sending both to the Antilles and to the Philippines the best artists and the best correspondents who could be procured, with the object of preparing another pictorial history similar to, but on a far grander scale than, the "Pictorial History of the Civil War." The experience which was gained from the History of the Civil War was of the greatest value in the preparation of what may be called the most attractive, complete, and satisfactory record of our war with Spain. Concerning the ability of the artists and correspondents, and concerning the character of the history itself, the *Review of Reviews* has the following to say:

"The corps of able and brilliant artists employed by the Harpers produced a remarkable series of drawings, many of which must be in years to come the main reliance of all who seek to live over again the thrilling episodes of 1898. The colored lithographs reproduced in the work give variety and picturesque effect. The text accompanying these pictures has been prepared with great care, and in the twelve parts thus far issued is comprised a clear and readable narrative of the events leading up to the mobilization of our troops a year ago."

TORPEDO-BOAT *PORTER* IN ACTION

AWAITING ADMIRAL'S ORDERS

fought almost entirely within the tropics lends a charm and coloring to the pictures that are seldom observed in battle scenes. The peculiar blue of the deep-sea water, the varied and wonderful greens of the foliage, the dreamy haze of the atmosphere, the exquisite beauties of both verdure and water, have been painted in colors by masters of the art. The number and scope of the illustrations are greater than those of any other history. The fact that this history has not been hastily prepared insures the public that it will be accurate and authoritative. And for this reason it will appeal to the better class of readers throughout the world. The temptation to rush into the market with a partial account compiled from newspapers has been resisted. Full information has been gathered and every statement verified."

Among the artists who have contributed to the making of this great history are: R. F. Zogbaum, Frederic Remington, T. de Thulstrup, Harry Fenn, W. A. Rogers, H. Reuterdahl, Carlton T. Chapman, W. L. Sonntag, Childe Hassam, T. Dart Walker, F. C. Yohn, Max F. Klepper, Comandante C. Valdes, E. M. Ashe, James Burton, L. A. Shafer, S. H. Nealy, J. A. Cahill, William Thorne, C. McKnight Smith, Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., and F. Luis Mora. A few of the correspondents are: F. D. Millet, Poultney Bigelow, Caspar Whitney, J. C. Fremont, J. F. Bass, Oscar King Davis, Stephen Bonsal, John Fox, Jr., Arthur Houghton, Hon. John Barrett, Frederick Funston, Harold Martin, Sydney Brooks, Clyde D. V. Hunt, Arthur Dutton, George Bronson Rea, Robert Gordon Butler, and Henry Starr Richardson.

The work begins with a review of the history of three centuries of Spanish misrule and oppression. The story of her persecution of the natives is graphically illustrated with rare old wood-cuts, reproduced from the works of De Bry, Fonseca, and other early chroniclers.

The rebellions which Cuba has made against her mother country during the present century, and the different filibustering expeditions undertaken by citizens of the United States, are described in a remarkably interesting narrative. As to the history of the events of 1898, it may be said that no more complete or more attractive history of a momentous war was ever published.

The history is the combined work of the best special correspondents in the world. It includes the official reports of all commanding officers, as well as a narrative of striking interest dealing with women's part in the war. The writers who have contributed chapters on this last subject are Mrs. John A. Logan, Clara Barton, Elizabeth M. Clark, Anna Wheeler, Alice Worthington Winthrop, Margaret Hamilton Welch, and Clara Colby.

The advantages of issuing the history in parts should not be overlooked, as this plan has made it possible to include the Philippine campaigns.

The pictures are, of course, one of the great features of the work, and they are unsurpassed by any war drawings ever published. They comprise full-page colored prints, several handsome new maps compiled especially for this work, numerous copies of old paintings and engravings, scores of views of battle-ships in action, and portraits of all men who were prominent in the war.

The history is, therefore, as complete as it could possibly be made, both in illustrations and in text. The very fact that it contains hundreds of full-page illustrations the size of this advertising page will give some conception of the scale on which it has been prepared. As the work is sold only by subscription, subscribers will have an opportunity to examine it on its merits. It is a matter which will be worth your while to look into, for the history is certain to have a lasting value. Orders are now being taken for it in bound volumes as well as in parts.

THE *ST. PAUL* FIGHTING OFF THE TORPEDO-BOAT *TERROR*

ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS GUASIMAS

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

The *Boston Journal* says: "'Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War' is a dearly prized volume; fortunate is he who owns it. 'Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain' is now forthcoming, and it is certain to command the same success and hold the same lasting value as did its famous predecessor. Art has made vast progress since 1861-65. The subscribers to the new Pictorial History will receive a work by the side of which the older one bears no comparison." As the *Springfield Republican* says: "It will form one of the very handsomest works of the sort ever issued, and it does not need to be said that it is of great interest in its subject, whose treatment has the freshness and force of actual witness, and often even of participation in the events described." In the opinion of the *Atlanta Constitution*, "this history will be the completest and most accurate publication of its kind issued." "It would be impossible," says this paper, "to make a handsomer or more complete collection of photographs than is displayed in this work. Every illustration is a work of art. The fact that the war was

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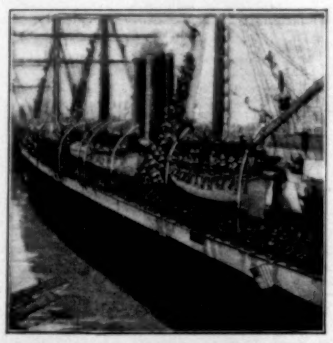
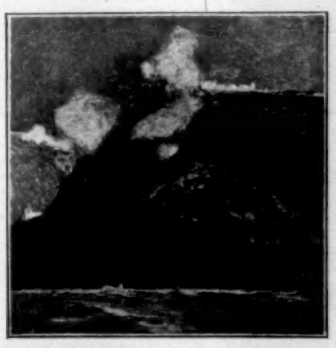


TROOPS FOR DEWEY ON TRANSPORT



BOMBARDMENT OF MORRO CASTLE

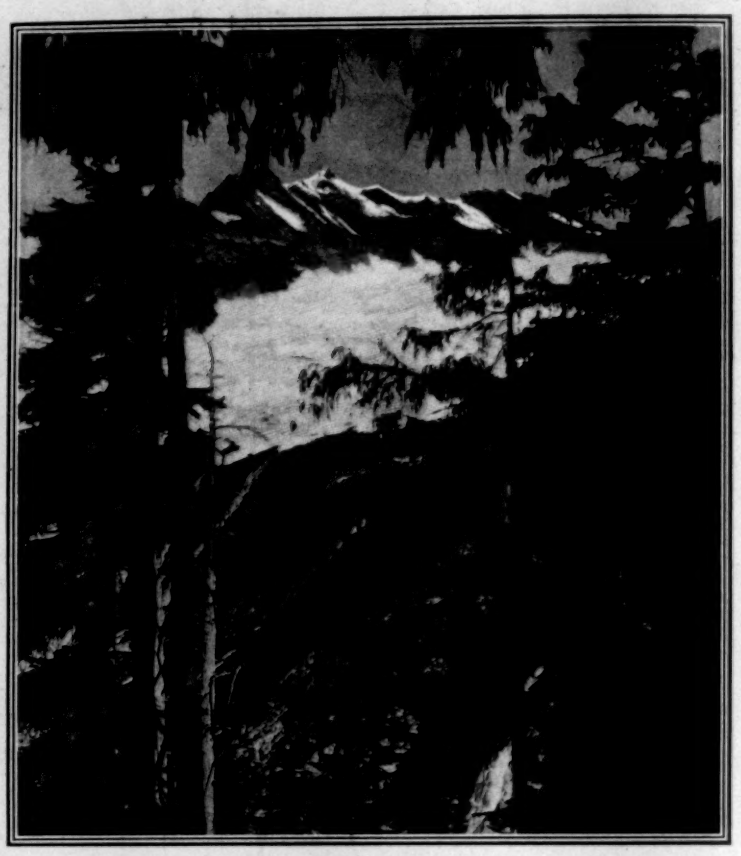
BLOWING UP THE *MERRIMAC*

CAPT. PHILIP AFTER THE BATTLE

ON THE SUMMIT OF SAHALE.

UPPER HORSESHOE BASIN.

ON THE LOWER SNOW FIELDS.



MOUNT SAHALE—UPPER BASIN.

SNOW SLOPE ON SAHALE, WHERE DR. YOUNG FELL.

The "Mazamas."

THE SNOWY SLOPE OF SAHALE.

CLIMBING THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS—THE ANNUAL OUTING OF THE MAZAMA CLUB.

Photographs copyrighted by Edward S. Curtis.—[See Page 853.]

The World of Finance

WALL STREET awaits with interest the publication of the financial statement of the American Steel and Wire Company which accompanies the application to have the stocks placed upon the regular list at the New York Stock Exchange. Under the resolution passed at the last meeting of the Board of Governors, the committee on unlisted securities has the authority to put on the regular list during the summer, prior to the next meeting of the governors, any stock that shall have been dealt in for three months in the unlisted department. Figures purporting to have been taken from the formal statement have already been printed, and were not well received—that is, the stocks declined after their appearance. The reason for this is not apparent, since the figures showed more than five per cent. for the common stock for the six months after deducting the dividend on the preferred stock, and the inference was natural that the speculative element of the management were tempted to "rig" the market, as they have done before. Although many of the industrial combinations are overcapitalized, without doubt the preferred stocks, as a rule, represent the value of the plants and good-will of the business, and have enough merit to make them attractive to people seeking investments, and who have not means enough to buy the high-priced stocks and bonds, whose yield is so small on the capital invested. On the other hand, fear that trusts will be attacked in the political campaigns is a deterrent influence, and it will probably be some time before these stocks assume the place in respect to prices to which they would otherwise be entitled by their dividend payments. Just now it is a matter for consideration whether the popularity of the stocks of trust companies as investments is not going to create supply of those institutions in excess of the needs of the financial public. It is not only in this city that new ones are being formed, and it is a question how they will get business in dull times. Now there is enough to insure good profits, but much of the business will be such as would have gone to the older institutions, and the logical result will be a reduction of their earnings.

The stock market has shown a revival of speculative interest that came somewhat as a surprise, as August is usually expected to be a dull month. It seems as if the turn in the market was another instance of the impatience of Wall Street. Perhaps a majority of traders were expecting a bull market in the autumn, and began to buy in the expectation of the rise to come. There has been no relaxation in business, and railroad earnings have continued to show substantial gains over those of the same periods of last year, while bank clearances indicate the changing hands of money in the natural course of trade on a scale of magnitude unequalled in the history of the country. The money market here has been easier than there was reason to expect, and many well-informed bankers think now that there will be no stringency. Of this, however, it is rather early to form an opinion, as the full force of the demand from out of town will come later. The condition of the iron industry is the most remarkable; as there is actually a scarcity of ore, and all of the manufacturers are far behind in their orders, though they have been straining to their utmost capacity to meet the demands upon them. The most noteworthy advances in values this summer have been in the stocks of some of the coal and iron companies—stocks that had long been regarded with disfavor in Wall Street.

An event that deserves especial notice was the declaration of a dividend on Chesapeake and Ohio stock—the first return to the owners of the property in forty years. The amount was small, only one per cent.; but on account of the well-known conservatism of the management it is reasonable to look for other distributions in future, and perhaps of larger amounts. In general, the railway situation is satisfactory, the only discord in the East being that caused by the aggressiveness of the Mallory line of steamships running to Gulf ports.

"Away up High"

IN consonance with the purposes of the Mazama Club, to seek out and explore the most picturesque places in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, and to make their beauties known and appreciated, the Mazamas chose as the scene of their outing this year a spot in the backbone of the Cascades far removed from civilization, and as nearly virgin in its loveliness as possible.

The valley of the Stehekin and the Horseshoe Basin were accordingly selected early in the year by the club, in one of its councils held in Portland. The Stehekin Valley lies in the northern portion of Okanogan County, in Washington. Its giant forests are still almost trackless. The scenery from the foot of Lake Chelan is as beautiful as any to be found on the continent. But the crowning attraction was the fact that overlooking the rim of the Basin was a mountain whose steep slopes had never been trod by man.

Leaving Seattle July 10, the Mazamas reached Lake Chelan, the largest mountain lake in the United States, by Great Northern train and Columbia River steamer. Friday morning, July 14, the start was made from the head of the lake for the edge of the Horseshoe Basin. More than half of the party, including five women, walked the entire distance, and the head of the canyon was reached Saturday night.

A pack-train and cooks, with plenty of rough food, had preceded the expedition, and when the last tired traveller came into the pleasant little valley at the foot of the summit the evening meal was steaming in pots and pans on the big camp fire. Tired though they were, they forgot their labors in the rapture of the view up the canyon. To the right, looking north, two miles away, lay the Horseshoe Basin, a great amphitheatre of eternal rock and glacier, with two rims, its upper one having an altitude of 7000 feet above the sea. The basin proper has perpendicular walls of rock, through which run ledges of copper and silver ore. On its rim are jagged minarets and pinnacles, and between its walls lies a huge glacier. At night, when the moon is full, the spectacle from the banks of the glacial stream, which courses at a terrific rate down the canyon, is one of marvellous beauty. The basin seems like a thing apart from the general formation of the range, with the moonbeams striking full on its face, while the canyon is in pitchy darkness.

There were twenty-eight in the mountain-climbing party which started Monday morning, July 17, just as the first gray light was streaking the upper walls of the canyon. A military organization was formed, led by Dr. E. W. Young, of Seattle, with A. S. Patullo and R. S. Glison, of Portland, as captains of the two companies. President W. G. Steele acted as assistant to Commander Young. This organization was for the purpose of enforcing unity of action in dangerous places. Two hours of hard work brought the Mazamas to the first snow-field, three miles from camp, at an elevation of nearly 5000 feet. Here occurred the sensational incident of the day. While Dr. Young was reconnoitring in advance of the party for a way over a steep bench of rocks just ahead, his feet slipped, and he shot downward across the snow-field at terrific speed. The distance was 250 feet. A fringe of dwarf cedars and spruce which lay in his pathway broke his fall to the rocks below and saved his life.

At an elevation of 5300 feet all save seventeen remained behind, many of them totally unnerved by Dr. Young's mishap. After a short wait, the climbers resumed the journey. For three hours the Mazamas worked across a snow-field, three miles wide, at times very steep, and longer than any ever crossed by the club since its organization. The last stretch of 1000 feet was up a constantly narrowing bench, which ended with the summit—a ridge of shelving rock scarce six feet wide, the sides of which lead to frightful chasms below.

Clinging to the life-line, the Mazamas held their characteristic exercises at the summit. Dr. Young delivered a speech, though in the howling wind his words were hardly audible fifteen feet away. The American and English colors were raised, and then Miss Ella McBride, secretary of the club, breaking a bottle of wine over the rock, said,

"I christen thee Sahale!"

"Sahale" is taken from the Chinook, and means "away up high." It is the third word in the club's motto, "Nesika Klatawa Sahale!" ("We go 'way high up!")

PAUL C. HEDRICK.

Revolt in Santo Domingo

THE assassination of President Heureaux on July 26, described in the WEEKLY dated August 5, was naturally accepted by the turbulent and discontented elements of the population as a signal for an uprising. Engaged in it were the partisans of General Juan Jiminez, aspirant to the Presidency, and of course some of those who had been impoverished by the depression in business.

Jiminez has been especially conspicuous, owing to the circumstance that he has conducted his campaign from Havana, urging the Cuban soldiers to take part in filibustering expeditions, and receiving ready promises of aid from the veterans of the war for independence. Governor-General Brooke and the other American officials at various points in Cuba have thus been placed in a position of difficulty; for, with the obligation resting upon them to prevent filibustering from Cuban ports, the means of restraint seem to be entirely insufficient. A severe engagement has taken place between the Jiminez forces and the government troops under General Escoboza. The rebels were defeated with heavy losses. The further development of Jiminez's plans will be watched with interest, for he is trying to win an office which seems to say, with a threat and a sneer, like Guérin in Paris, "Come and take me!"

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On account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia at rates of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be $3; from Newark, N. J., $2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., $2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2, 3, 4, and 5, good to return until September 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 30, inclusive.

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